



The Sketch

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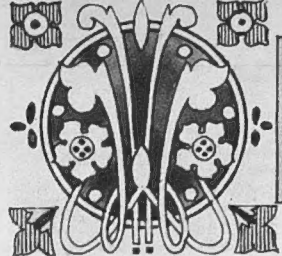
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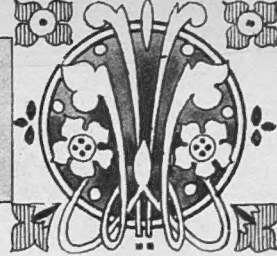
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THE SKETCH



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WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 19, 1921.

ONE SHILLING.

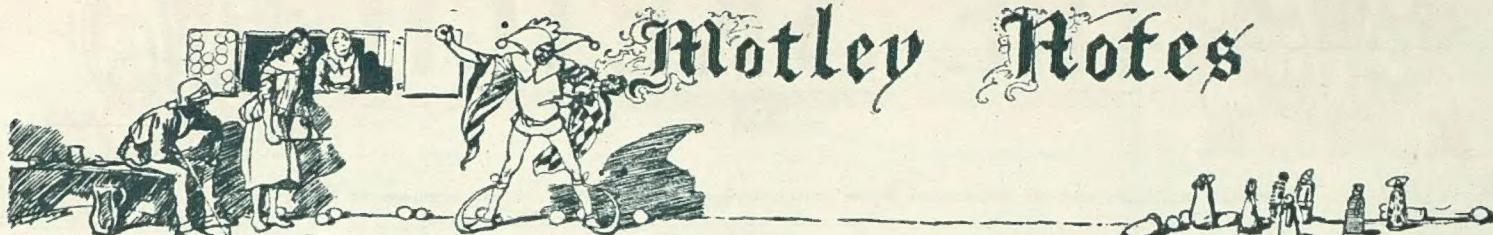


SINGER AND DANCER TOO—IN "PINS AND NEEDLES": MME. MARIA KOUSNÉZOFF.

Mme. Maria Kousnezoff, who is now appearing as one of the "points" of "Pins and Needles," at the Gaiety, is the famous operatic diva. She is the daughter of the Russian Court painter, Nicolas Kousnezoff, and in her childhood was a favourite of the late Tsaritsa. The great composers Tchaikovsky, Rimsky-Korsakov, and Stravinsky all took an interest in her, and have each written

special operas and songs for her. Mme. Kousnezoff has sung in grand opera all over the world, and has, in fact, been called the Queen of "Il Bel Canto." Mme. Kousnezoff sings, among other numbers, the aria of the Princess Schemakan from "Le Coq d'Or" in the first part of "Pins and Needles." In the second half of the revue she dances three characteristic Spanish dances.

Photograph by Foulsham and Banfield, Ltd.



"INVEST ME IN MY MOTLEY - GIVE ME LEAVE TO SPEAK MY MIND.."

By KEBLE HOWARD ("Chicot.")

Might One Suggest—?

The world is in a sad muddle. Nobody, I suppose, will dispute the truth of that. Can the muddle be straightened out? Undoubtedly. When will it be straightened out? When men prefer clear thinking to vociferous talking, and the universal good to self-interest.

It is only too true, unfortunately, that a good many people benefit by a muddle. When a house is on fire there are pickings to be had. The war was muddle enough, and a considerable number of people, I am told, privately, did quite nicely out of the war.

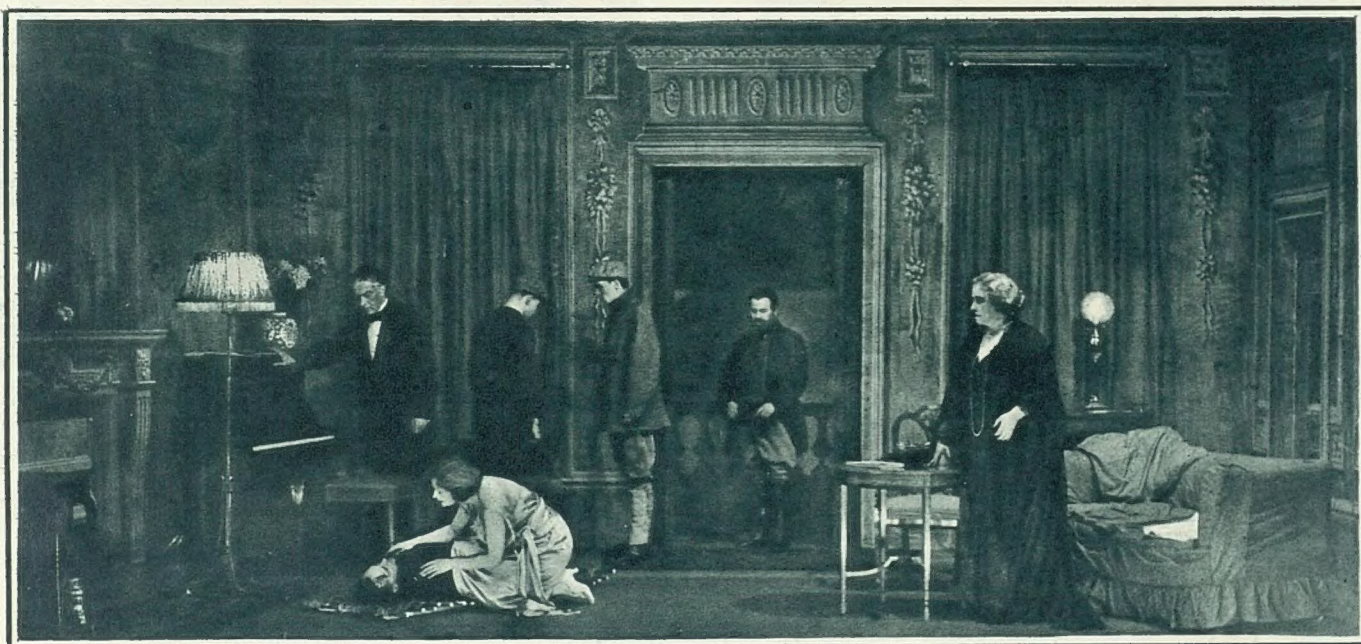
Unemployment is a horrible muddle. What are usually spoken of as the best brains in the country cannot solve the problem of unemployment. I often wonder whether the country knows anything about its best brains. The country is apt to take a man's ability as a statesman—or as anything else—at his own valuation. The country is rather like a crowd herded round a mob orator; they listen with open mouths to loud-spoken platitudes which mean nothing.

The problem of unemployment is by no means insolvable. As the German officer said to the private soldier when he booted him out of his path, "If you can't run, get out of the way and let somebody run who can run." If our best advertised brains cannot cure the evil of

A Lighter Subject. I turn, as in humble duty bound, to a lighter subject—the very light subject of cricket. I should like to underline the fact that cricket is a light subject, because we are in great danger of taking cricket too seriously. The recent visit of the Australians was taken far too seriously. The Australians themselves were taken too seriously, and they took themselves with a seriousness almost past belief. No judge pronouncing the death sentence could look more serious than the Australians when playing cricket.

Mr. P. F. Warner, who takes cricket very seriously, says there is too much county cricket, and that county cricket is spoiling international cricket, and so forth. He wants us to bend all our energies to the task of getting together one superb team which shall lick the Australians. In order to achieve this goal of licking the Australians he would drain every county team of its best men for a whole season, rob county matches of their personal interest, ruin the "gates," and deprive thousands of dear old gentlemen of the one amusement to which they look forward all the long, beastly, wet, cold, dreary winter.

I differ entirely from Mr. Warner on this matter. The main object of cricket is not to beat the Australians, or the South Africans, or the Americans, or the Japanese, or any other country. The main



ONE OF THE NEW "SHOCKERS" AT THE LITTLE THEATRE, PHOTOGRAPHED SPECIALLY FOR "THE SKETCH":

A TENSE MOMENT IN "THE UNSEEN."

This photograph shows (from left to right) M. Lauzier (George Bealby), Maurice Chabrin (Lewis Casson), Mme. Jeanne Chabrin (Sybil Thorndike), Desjardins (Stockwell Hawkins), and Mme. Lauzier (Barbara Gott), the principal characters in "The Unseen,"

one of the new Grand Guignol "shockers" at the Little Theatre. Chabrin's body has just been brought in after his death, which was seen by his wife in a vision, before it occurred. The Little Theatre's new programme seems assured of success.

Photograph by Walter Benington.

unemployment, let them wobble aside and let somebody deal with it who has not wasted his energies in calling attention to his own cleverness.

£15,000,000.

I am not a politician, and everybody knows I have no brains, but I would undertake to deal with unemployment more effectually than any statesman who has yet tackled the problem. I read, for example, that a further sum of fifteen million pounds is to be handed out to the unemployed. This will enable the unemployed man to continue to live in comparative luxury, while the employed man can barely scrape along on his scanty wage.

I should take this fifteen million pounds, and I should say: "This money is not going to be given to the unemployed; it will be given to the employed. That is to say, if a man can show that he is earning fifty shillings a week, I will make it up to seventy shillings."

There you have a simple little plan, which would (1) help employers of labour, (2) encourage the labourer, (3) discourage the slacker, and (4) set the work of the world once again in motion.

Don't be surprised if you see this foolish suggestion cropping up in the speech of some brilliant person. I never am.

object of cricket is the greatest healthy happiness of the greatest number. A breathless county match is of far more interest than a match between England and Australia, with the Australian team all peering at the ground as though they collected worms, and the English team going about looking beaten before a ball is bowled, merely because the papers have told them they are all rotten players.

The County Championship is the thing for the summer, and Australia is the place for gentlemen of independent means who wish to play cricket in the winter. As for licking the Australians, it has been proved that any team of nimble young Englishmen—who don't take cricket too seriously—can do that.

"Daylight Losing" Once More.

It is a great delight to be back to normal clock-time. The so-called Daylight Saving scheme has had its day. To get up in the raw chill of early morning for the sake of watching the sun set at ten o'clock (Government time) is not good enough. Has any child benefited by going to bed at midnight? These artificial tricks never pay in the long run.

The Duc de Crussol Marries Miss Evelyn Gordon.



PHOTOGRAPHED WITH HER FIANCÉ, THE DUC DE CRUSSOL:
MISS EVELYN GORDON.



DRIVING FROM THE CHURCH: THE DUC DE CRUSSOL
AND HIS BRIDE, MISS EVELYN GORDON.



IN HER WEDDING GOWN: THE DUCHESSE
DE CRUSSOL.



SISTER OF THE BRIDE:
MRS. NEIL GUTHRIE.



THE ONLY BRIDESMAID:
THE HON. LOIS STURT.

The marriage of the Duc de Crussol, eldest son of the Duc and Duchesse d'Uzès, to Miss Evelyn Gordon, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Gordon, of 22, South Audley Street, was celebrated in an historic setting—at the Chateau d'Uzès—last week. Miss Gordon is very popular in English

society, and her sister is Mrs. Neil Guthrie. The bride wore a white satin wedding-dress, with an overdress of old lace—an heirloom in the family of Uzès. Her only bridesmaid was the Hon. Lois Sturt, daughter of Lady Alington.—[Photographs by Dorys Mondanités.]

"Sunbeams out of Cucumbers"

THE only tragedy of summer refusing to give way to autumn is one of clothes. When you are on a round of country visits it is expensive having to pay excess on luggage that not only includes October tweeds, but January jerseys and June jumpers and May muslins and more "might-be-wanted" than you have ever before dreamed of at this time of the year.

I have been sweltering in all my newest autumn finery (fur-trimmed) at Kempton Park—sweltering—while everyone else looked lovely in Ascot creations, and already the bills are coming in, and I am wondering how I can best punish my stupid maid for not having the sense to pack *all* my summer clothes. True, I told her not to. But what is the good of a maid if she does not dare disobey orders?

The club lawn was so crowded that a chair was almost impossible, and when you got it you were too hot to stay in it; and, quite apart from the horses, life seemed revolutionary. No wonder there is life on the moon. This heat would generate germs anywhere.

Professor Pickering, being an American, appears to have been discovering startling things at Harvard to make our tongues wag about the series of telescopic photographs of a lunar crater which prove irrefutably the springing up at dawn of vast fields of foliage that grows with unbelievable rapidity, comes into blossom swiftly, and disappears in a maximum period of eleven days.

We discussed things like that at Kempton Park. We told each other about Einstein, and used any old long word for the sake of putting each other off the subject of horses. Horses meant a walk to the paddock. Walking meant losing your chair, and your breath, and the powder off your nose.

Not that any of those things worried Lord Farquhar, whom I met as cool as one of my own cucumbers, dressed in a light-grey flannel suit, with a white bowler hat. He is, of course, one of the stewards of the meeting, and was here, there, and everywhere. And, of course, Lord Lonsdale was as conspicuous as ever, and Lord Marcus Beresford.

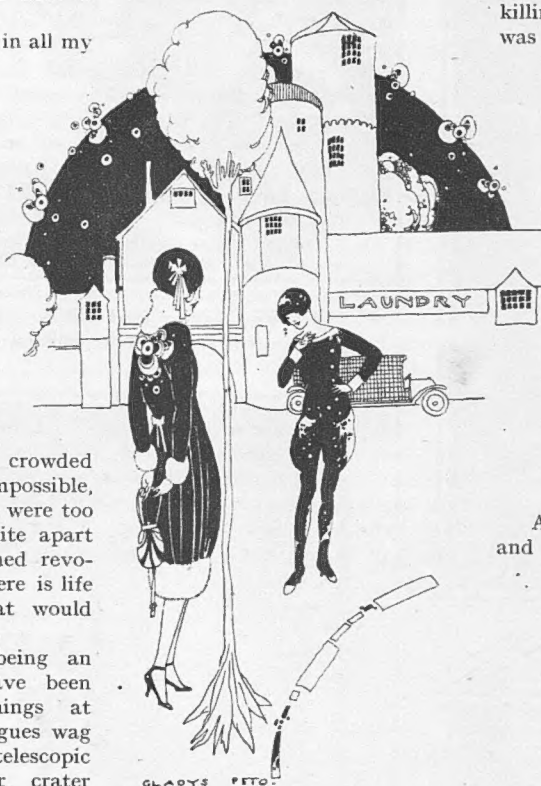
Lady Evelyn Herbert was with her father, Lord Carnarvon; and Mrs. Sofer-Whitburn's great height surely kept her head cool above the heads of most women. Lord and Lady Stanley spent much of the time in the stewards' stand; and Lady Noreen Bass and Mrs. Ian Macpherson, both in dark-blue, appeared appropriately dressed for any weather. A really keen race-goer was Lady Wilmot, with her married daughter; and Sir Robert Buchanan-Jardine was another who knew everything about everything; and Mrs. George Lambton and Lord Ivor Churchill were chatting with innumerable friends; and that well-known race-goer, Lord Cholmondeley. Which reminds me that I saw his son, Lord George Cholmondeley, looking as beautiful as ever the other day. And beautiful is the only word for both Lord Cholmondeley's sons. Lord Rocksavage, the elder, is quite recovered, I hear, from his polo accident, and has been shooting at Houghton most of the autumn.

Lady Rocksavage is also a very good shot indeed, and is as keen on shooting as she is on lawn-tennis, her very slight and graceful figure adapting itself to almost any game or form of sport; while her

tenacity of purpose is certain to bring her very near the top of anything she undertakes.

And, talking of shooting, there was a cry that the drought was killing the birds. But never has there been such a holocaust as there was everywhere this week. These glorious autumn days I hate to see things killed. But if I sit long enough on my little shooting-stick there comes a moment when I am as bloodthirsty as any man. The sound of the pheasants flying through high trees makes my pulse quicken. The sharp report and the vibrating air and the dull thud on the grass become a necessary sequence to my presence there. The fields and lanes are alive with finches and thrushes and blackbirds. There are titmice and robins in the sunshine. I concentrate all my love on *them*, and try to remember that pheasants would not be alive at all if it were not for man's greed. To man's need for sport they owe their long, sweet, idle months of spring and summer in the woods. So I look down the line of my fellow-creatures and triumph in their good shots, and shut my eyes only when a terrified hare dashes out of the woods, to be wounded, perhaps, and to kick in desperate agony, crying like a child until it ceases finally all sound or movement for ever.

And now, back in London, what news? Everyone still coming and going to and from country houses. Everyone discussing the



1. Determined to be in the movement, Angela has started a laundry. It is staffed exclusively by her friends. Her hated rival, Pêche, drives the delivery-van, as she drives so abominably that she is certain to have a fatal accident sooner or later.



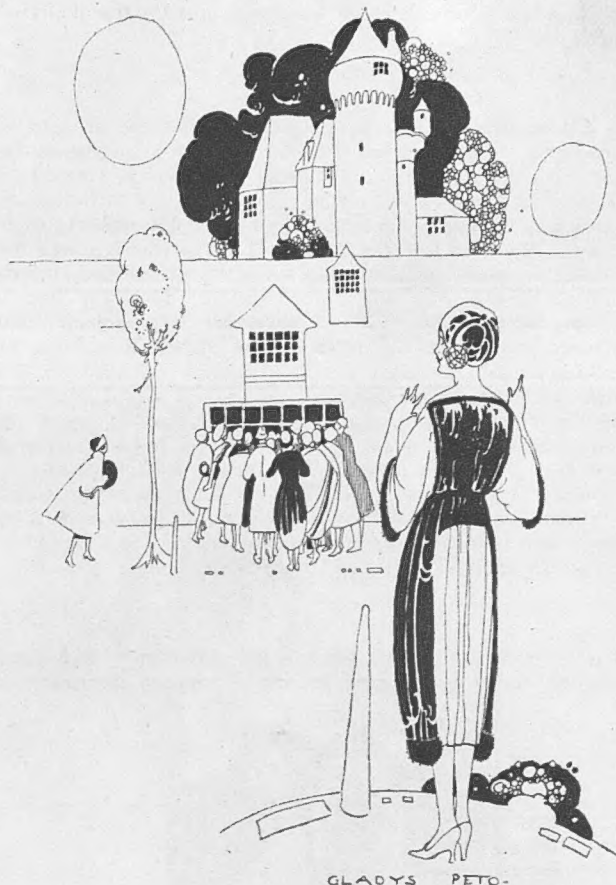
2. Aunt Babsie and Kitten do the ironing. In public, of course. They wear alluring costumes especially designed by Aunt Babsie to enhance her maturing charms.

Prince's departure on Oct. 26; and the Dickens-Lytton play at Devonshire House on Nov. 30; and the wedding last Saturday at Longleat of Lady Emma Thynne to Lord Northampton—perhaps

the most important wedding of the year, uniting as it does two families of as ancient lineage as exists in England, the Thynnes starting somewhere in the reign of King John, and the Comptons first appearing at Court during the reign of bad King Henry, the Sir William Compton of the day being present at the famous Field of the Cloth of Gold.

And Miss Pamela Burroughes' wedding to Captain Ivan Hay, Lord Errol's third son, will be the occasion of a gathering of the clans on Nov. 8 at St. Mark's, North Audley Street.

I never see Captain Hay without remembering the smile that mingled with pity on most faces when the news came through early



3. And crowds collect daily. Angela feels most gratified.

in the war that he had been taken prisoner by the Germans. One could not help thinking of his extreme dapperness. One of the best-dressed "young men about town," he would indeed miss the luxuries of hot baths and West End barbers and hosiers more than most, we said. But later we heard that he bore the awful tedium of long confinement with wondrous good heart, and was a cheerful and helpful companion to his brother-prisoners throughout the war. He was, of course, in the Fifth Lancers, that much-talked-of regiment that has since been disbanded.

Another wedding of the week was Colonel Woodroffe to Miss Moreton at St. George's, Hanover Square. Colonel Woodroffe is to join the Prince of Wales's staff after his honeymoon at Ceylon—surely as ideal and romantic a spot as any bride could desire. He is a great linguist, and has lately been Military Attaché in Japan, and during the war was at Headquarters with Lord Haig. He was in the Royal Artillery, but has now left the Army, as so many young field officers are doing owing to the constant moving—so expensive nowadays, to the married officers especially.

The trooping season is upon us, which means that officers recently established in Home Commands are apt to be sent to the outposts of Empire at short notice—a dreary outlook to those whose financial problems are only just beginning to recover from the war strain. It is all very well for bachelors; but I hear that the War Office are adamant in their orders to all and sundry, forcing round pegs in square holes by rule of thumb in the good old red-tape way. The sad part is that it means the loss to the Army of the best type of pre-war officer.

Is it that the powers that be are in league with the Divorce Court, who thrive on the domestic troubles of others? Perhaps. . . . Anyhow, it is "asking for it" to send a married man to the Antipodes for four years or more, while his wife struggles alone to make ends meet at home for a young family.

Even the really rich are up against these awful financial problems. Lord Winchelsea is about to sell the whole of his Sleaford estate, and not a portion of it, as was recently reported. It must be heart-

breaking to part with beautiful Haverholme Priory and its world-famous heronry.

Another historical house now up for sale is Pitt House. It is a great mansion overlooking Hampstead Heath, and was once the home of William Pitt, the Prime Minister.

The only people who really seem to be enviable these days are artists like Eric Kennington, who create something out of that hitherto untaxed quantity—brain. All his pictures were sold the first day of his exhibition at the Leicester Galleries. Or people like the Duc de Crussol, whose bride is the daughter of a very rich South American, Mr. John Gordon; she was a very popular girl in London, tall and fair, like her sister, Mrs. Guthrie, and must have made a delightful picture on the balcony of the Castle at Uzès, where her father-in-law's tenants serenaded her from below amid triumphal arches and old be-flagged walls and a mediæval atmosphere all in keeping with a ducal family that dates from two hundred years before our own Norman Conquest!

The civil marriage took place at the Mairie, as is the custom in France, and at noon the religious ceremony was celebrated in the old cathedral of Nîmes. The best man was Comte Gaston de la Rochefoucauld, also very well known in London, a brother-in-law of the Duc de Crussol; and the bride was attended by Lady Cheetham, whose husband, Sir Miles Cheetham, is now at the British Embassy in Paris. The new Duchesse de Crussol will be an asset to French society, as for some years she has helped her mother entertain large parties in London and at Reigate, at the beautiful Priory belonging to Lady Kitty Somerset. She is deeply interested in historical architecture and all things artistic, and has no small knowledge of old furniture, as her mother has been a collector for years.

With Lady Curzon of Kedleston's return to London, we all hope for more really interesting parties such as the wife of the present Foreign Secretary gives with such wonderful talent. Lady Curzon has had a happy visit in Paris, where I believe Lady D'Abernon has also been for a few days lately. I wonder what Lady D'Abernon thinks of Berlin, which always seems to me to have been entirely built



4. But the laundry is not really a tremendous success. The more intriguing articles of lingerie are not returned for ages. Kitten takes them home and copies them at dead of night; and as she cannot sew at all, it takes her weeks and weeks.

by one man and finished on the same day: it is all so new and clean and white, and not in the least romantic, though it has such magnificent parks and fine drives.

IRREPRESSIBLE JANE.

HERE, THERE, AND EVERYWHERE



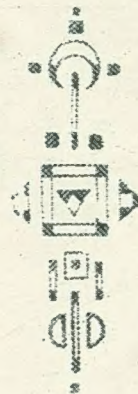
ON THE HEATH AT NEWMARKET: MISS BEDFORD
AND MISS TAYLOR.



THE KENT LADIES' GOLF TOURNAMENT AT BROMLEY AND BICKLEY:
THE JUNIOR SECTION.



GUESTS OF MR. F. A. KEELING: MAJOR AND MRS. MITCHESON
WITH SWEEP.



WATCHING THE ARMY GOLF CHAMPIONSHIPS AT SUNNINGDALE
THE GRAND DUKE MICHAEL AND COUNTESS TORBY.



AT A MEET OF THE QUORN AT SCRAFTOFT GORSE:
MRS. ARTHUR FITZGERALD.



GOLFING AT SANDWICH: LORD AND LADY ASTOR
WITH SIR ERNEST CRAIG AT PRINCE'S.



A LAWN-TENNIS PLAYER GOLFING
MAJOR A. R. F. KINGSCOTE.

Miss Eileen Parsons is the daughter of Sir Herbert and Lady Parsons.—Major and Mrs. Mitcheson were snapped by our photographer when the guests of Mr. F. A. Keeling, near Chetwynd, Newport, Salop.—The Grand Duke Michael and Countess Torby spent a good deal of time watching the competitors drive off in the Army Golf Championships at Sunningdale.—Lieutenant-Colonel W. Green won the Championship with his 76 and 78—154; and Captain W. H. B. Mirrlees was runner-up with 80 and 76—156.—Miss D. Kemmis Betty defeated Miss Foulger in the Ladies' Singles of the Covered Courts Championships, at Queen's.—Major A. R. F. Kingscote was one of the competitors in the Army

SOCIETY SPORTSMEN AND SPORTSWOMEN.



THE KENT LADIES' GOLF TOURNAMENT AT BROMLEY AND BICKLEY: THE SENIOR SECTION.



WINNER AND RUNNER-UP OF THE ARMY GOLF CHAMPIONSHIPS: LIEUT.-COL. W. GREEN (R.) AND CAPTAIN W. H. B. MIRRLEES, R.A.



AFTER THEIR MATCH IN THE LADIES' SINGLES OF THE COVERED COURTS CHAMPIONSHIPS: MISS FOULGER (LEFT) AND MISS D. KEMMIS BETTY.



ON HER FAVOURITE MARE BUNTY: MISS EILEEN PARSONS, THE DAUGHTER OF SIR HERBERT PARSONS.



PLAYING IN THE FOURSOMES IN THE KENT LADIES' GOLF TOURNAMENT: MRS. MAJOR, MRS. MORRICE, MRS. J. R. MASON, AND MRS. DERMER.



THE OPENING OF THE NEW FERNDALE GOLF CLUB: A GROUP INCLUDING VARDON, RAY, AND SIR HENRY AND LADY WEBB.

golf, Championships, at Sunningdale.—Lord and Lady Astor have been playing golf at Prince's, Sandwich.—Our group taken at the opening of the New Ferndale Golf Club, shows (from left to right), seated: Mrs. A. Rendall, Lady Webb, Lieutenant-Colonel Sir Henry Webb, Bt., President of the Club; and Dr. H. F. Pringle; and second row: Mrs. Pringle, Mr. Athelston Rendall, M.P., Mr. W. H. Harrison, Captain of the Arkstone Golf Club; Edward Ray, Major Stephens, D.S.O., Secretary, and Harry Vardon. These pages form an interesting review of the sporting activities of the moment—golf, lawn-tennis, hunting, and racing.—[Photographs Nos. 1, 2, 3, 5, 6, 7, 8, 10, 11, 12, and 13, by S. and G.; Nos. 4 and 9, by T.P.A.]

Topical Pictures: A Page of News.



MARRIED ON SATURDAY AT HORNINGHAM CHURCH: THE MARQUESS OF NORTHAMPTON AND LADY EMMA THYNNE.



MR. REUBEN BIGLAND, WHO IS BEING PROSECUTED FOR LIBEL BY MR. HORATIO BOTTOMLEY, M.P.



THE SOCIETY GIRL WHO DISAPPEARED FOR THREE DAYS: MISS PAMELA BECKETT (R.).



A GUEST AT THE WEDDING OF PRINCESS XENIA: LADY SARAH WILSON.



CAPTAIN THE HON. BARRY BINGHAM, V.C., WITH HIS WIFE AND BABY GIRL.



ENGAGED TO CAPT. H. MIDDLETON HEPPEL: MISS MOLLY GRIFFITHS.



THE OWNER OF A HERD OF FRISIAN CATTLE: MRS. WILFRED HOLDEN AND MELDA.



ENGAGED TO COMR. BERTRAM HUGHES-HALLETT: THE HON. FREDERICA SOMERSET.

Lady Emma Thynne, second daughter of the Marquess of Bath, was married on October 15 to the Marquess of Northampton.—Miss Pamela Beckett, fourth and youngest daughter of the Hon. Rupert and Mrs. Beckett, disappeared from her home on Tuesday, October 11, and was found on the 13th near Cuffley.—Lady Sarah Wilson, a guest at the marriage of Princess Xenia and Mr. W. B. Leeds, is the youngest daughter of the seventh Duke of Marlborough.—Captain the Hon. Barry Bingham, who won his V.C. at the Battle of Jutland, is the

third son of the fifth Baron Clanmorris. His baby girl was christened recently.—Miss Molly Griffiths, the well-known lady golfer, and daughter of the Rev. J. W. Griffiths, is engaged to Captain Hugh Middleton Heppel, son of Mr. and Mrs. E. M. Heppel.—Mrs. Wilfred Holden is well known in Warwickshire. She is interested in gardening, is a fine horsewoman, and owns a herd of Frisian cattle.—The Hon. Frederica Somerset, whose engagement to Comr. B. Hughes-Hallett has been announced, is the second daughter of Lord Raglan.

Photographs: No. 1, by T.P.A.; No. 2, by Farringdon Photo Co.; No. 3, by C.N.; No. 7, by Anita Taylor and Olive Ismay; No. 8, by Yevonde.

For Hotel Thefts: A Black-Out-Fit.



AS MAURICETTE, THE HOTEL MOUSE: MISS DOROTHY MINTO.

Miss Dorothy Minto, as Mauricette, the name-part of "The Hotel Mouse" at the Queen's, plays the part of a clever and daring thief who dresses in black tights and creeps round the corridors and rooms after nightfall. Her costume for thieving is not the least

interesting feature of the rôle, and is attractive and practical; for its sombre hue and economical cut render it possible for the wearer to creep into the shadows and black herself out of the range of things visible!

Photographed exclusively for "The Sketch" by Malcolm Arbuthnot.



IF one may, without contempt of court or in any way irritating the bountiful Mr. Bottomley, allude to Truth, one would lament that there is so little, so very little, of her about. Even on Wednesdays. And with all this vast modern apparatus of telephones, typewriters, and printing-presses for putting the mind of one man in touch with the mind of another. Not to mention ladies.

But for all that, although one portion of humanity is perpetually engaged in heart-to-heart talks with another, you will rarely find the facts. There is a whole world of literature, from Thackeray down (or up) to Mr. Stephen McKenna, about Clubs. Gentlemen are maintained at great expense by newspaper syndicates to write a monocled style about them in the evening papers. But the truth never outs. None of it.

You know what they are supposed to look like, don't you? The Marble Palaces of Male Magnificence... deeply cushioned chairs... silent-footed servants... courtly members... ex-diplomats... retired. generals. And so on and so on. That (don't you recognise the touch?) is the Club of fiction and popular belief. But have you ever noticed it at your own?

Of course not. On entering you find a dingy hall decorated in a classical style fashionable in the 'Twenties and already getting cheap when a parsimonious Committee had the place done up in '63. Behind glass in the side of it a silent figure sits before a book and writes you down. You think, you have been brought up to believe, that he enters you with unerring accuracy as "F. A. van Hooydonck, Esq.," or whatever your name and rank may be. But does he? Is he in the tradition? Not a bit of it. He books you in as "Green felt hat and spats," or "Baggy at the knees." So much for the first article of Club faith.

Then you go upstairs (past the bust of Lord Steyne "presented to the Club by a Group of Admirers in the Year of the Great Exhibition"), and you find yourself in a cheerless room full of miscellaneous furniture and unreadable books where they let you smoke, and the acrid aroma of the Club Corona hangs round the only open window.

This, by tradition, is the hub and centre of the merry prattle of the club men. Look at them.

You will find that they are, for the most part, sitting in gloomy silence opposite those particularly uninteresting early editions of the evening papers which contain the news of the same morning repeated in a slightly louder tone. And they do not, so far as you are able to catch, interchange informing gossip on the events of the day. They merely (for they are, in spite of the entrance fee, just human) talk about their digestions.

The quality of club conversation is a fruitful subject of popular misrepresentation. In the first place, the members are all much older than you had been led to suppose. So there is a lamentable absence of that gay, that airy persiflage, that worldly talk of little ladies and the stage which you had expected. But perhaps they are all Leading Statesmen, those heavy figures that are drinking bad coffee with an air of connoisseurs.

Not a bit of it. Nonentities, the lot of them. Like you and me. And just as dull. So much, you say, for the Smoking Room, and pass disconsolately on.

You have noticed, on your way, that the furniture is not particularly comfortable, and is even a trifle shabby. In the Library, where the statue of Mr. Pitt as a Roman Emperor gesticulates to a complete vacuum, you will find it is the same. Only more so.

And the Library is a place of books without readers. Unless the old man in the corner with five papers under his sleeping arm may count as a student. A depressing desert full of dust and (in winter, when they light that chilly little grate at the far end) ashes. So much for Male Magnificence and the illusions of your youth.

But no one, you know, ever tells you the truth about the clubs, and you will go to your grave informed by a child-like belief in the selectness, com-

fort, and brilliance of those gloomy licensed premises which are aligned from Waterloo Place to Hyde Park Corner. And don't tell them I told you. Because the Committee mightn't like it.



MRS. W. B. LEEDS (PRINCESS XENIA) IN HER DRESS FOR THE CIVIL MARRIAGE: LEAVING THE MAIRIE WITH HER HUSBAND. Princess Xenia of Russia, now Mrs. William B. Leeds, wore a simple frock of apricot-coloured crêpe georgette, with a brown suède hat, adorned with a brown feather, for the civil marriage, which took place at the Mairie of the First Arrondissement in Paris on Saturday, October 8. Our photograph shows her leaving the Mairie with her husband.

Photograph by Farrington Photo. Co.



MRS. W. B. LEEDS'S (PRINCESS XENIA'S) GOING-AWAY DRESS: THE ROYAL BRIDE AND HER YOUNG MILLIONAIRE HUSBAND ON THE BOAT FOR ENGLAND.

Mrs. W. B. Leeds, formerly Princess Xenia of Russia, went away in a simple but exquisitely cut coat and skirt, and a hat adorned with a bunch of ostrich-feathers. Her only ornaments consisted of a fine string of pearls and a tiny diamond arrow in the front of her hat.

Photograph by C.P.P.

The American Boy Millionaire's Royal Bride.



NOW THE WIFE OF MR. W. B. LEEDS: PRINCESS XENIA OF RUSSIA ON HER WEDDING DAY.

Princess Xenia of Russia, the eighteen-year-old daughter of the Grand Duchess George of Russia, was married in Paris to Mr. W. B. Leeds, the young son of Princess Christopher of Greece (formerly Mrs. W. B. Leeds), and made a lovely bride. Our photograph shows her in the simple white satin gown which she wore for the two religious

ceremonies—first at the American Episcopal Church, and secondly at the Russian Church. The chain of diamond links which formed her only ornament is one of the gifts the bride received from her mother, the Grand Duchess George. She had many wedding presents, including a pendant from King George and Queen Mary.—[Photograph by Henri Manuel.]

A Pogo Parade for "The Sketch": All Correct.



MISS MONA VIVIAN AND HER POGO PLATOON:
"PRESENT — POGOS!"



A "PEEP SHOW" PARADE IN THE BOTANICAL GARDENS:
READY TO START.



EXTENDED ORDER: A DIFFICULT POGO
POSE.



FOLLOW MY LEADER: THE POGOISTS
IN' ACTION.



THE EXPERT GIVES AN EXHIBITION: MISS MONA VIVIAN SKIPPING ON HER POGO.

The Pogo Parade at the Hippodrome is the latest innovation in "The Peep Show"; but Miss Mona Vivian is not content only to lead her pogo platoon across the Hippodrome stage—she recently

held a special al-fresco Pogo Parade for "The Sketch" in the Botanical Gardens. It was on this occasion that our photographer snapped her and her expert platoon.

Photographs specially taken for "The Sketch" by Alfieri.

The Hippodrome Inspires a Belgian Artist.



AS DE BOSSCHÈRE SEES IT: "THE PEEP SHOW."

"The Peep Show," at the Hippodrome, is one of the most successful revues which London has had of late, and has inspired the famous Belgian artist, Chevalier Jean de Bosschère, to produce this very charming impression of the show. He has chosen to represent

Miss Annie Croft as the Powder Puff in the eighth Peep, "My Lady's Dressing-Table"; Mr. Stanley Lupino as George Chickweed; and Mr. Reginald Sharland as Lord Harry Coe. These members of the cast are three of the four principals.

FROM THE DRAWING BY JEAN DE BOSSCHÈRE.



NO wonder that the Paris *couturiers* and *modistes* and *fournisseurs*—the *fournisseurs* above all—are looking gloomy. Never have I seen such elaborately worked skins as are now prepared against the coming of the cold days. Not only are the furs beautifully selected, but they are sewn together in striking patterns, while the shape, whether long and enfolding or short and fantastic, has been studied with more care than ever. Having had occasion recently to watch the preparation of furs, I have been much struck with the undoubted development of the art of *pelletterie*.

They were all ready, these sumptuous furs, to be brought out and to figure without delay at Longchamp and at Saint-Cloud, where the races have been resumed and where Society, with a big and a little S, again takes its delights. But as I write there are no furs. Not even that stern task-master Fashion can make women bury themselves in heavy garments. What are the *maisons de la mode*, who work according to the commonly accepted calendar of the seasons, to do if the seasons go all awry, and we have a hotter summer in October than we had in July?

In France there is growing up a feeling that it is all the fault of those people who began to change the hours on the clock. The connection between the changed hours of the clock and the changed seasons of the year is not clear. But so far as I can make out the vague thought, it is that once you begin to tamper with Nature there is no knowing what may happen. The heavens are thrown into a deplorable state of confusion. Strange as it may sound, this sentiment has a good deal to do with the opposition that is now making itself felt against any further tinkering with watches.

Some of the guests who had left the chateaux have returned. It has been agreed that the summer is not over, and that the sojourn in the country should be extended. In shady gardens there are great discussions about the cause of the heat wave. Some people blame the Faroe Islands, and others are disrespectful to the Equator. Our old friends, the Gulf Stream and the Sahara, are freely criticised. The abnormal weather takes the same place in the Paris *revues* that was formerly occupied by the beard of M. Fallières, or the pyjamas of M. Deschanel. It is bad enough to endure it, without the *chansonniers* making a song about it!

In the meantime there is a perfect craze for matrimony. Marriage has been restored to the mode, and I cannot tell you how many stylish weddings have taken place in the French capital this month. It is as though we were back in May—or is it that we are forward in next May? Time is terribly mixed up, and it is useless to count by the old

reckoning. Quite a number of Anglo-French and Franco-American and Russo-Greek unions have been celebrated. There was that of the Duc de Crussol, the son of the Duc et Duchesse d'Uzès, and Miss Evelyn Gordon, known equally well in London and New York. There are some parts of France which retain almost a feudal aspect—feudal in the best sense, which simply means that there is great sympathy between chateau and village. The inhabitants of Uzès set up floral arches for this occasion, and indulge in festivities for more than a week. It is an old custom that the bride shall be led by her fiancé to the balcony of the chateau, and be acclaimed by the people of Uzès assembled in the park. These are indeed happy customs, and long may they continue!

I cannot, of course, register many of these weddings, but the one which attracted most attention was undoubtedly that of the Princess Xenia of Russia and Mr. William B. Leeds. The mother of the bridegroom is Princess Christopher of Greece—perhaps better known still as Mrs. Leeds. The ceremonies, both civil and religious, were exceedingly simple, but there were hosts of friends from London, from Athens, and from Paris present, including Queen Olga of Greece, and the Grand Duchess George of Russia, and the Grand Duke Dmitri Alexandrovich.

There has been much written about the entry of Americans into the aristocratic families of Europe, but certainly the movement has recently become accelerated. When it is stated that America is disinteresting herself in Europe, the remark is certainly not true in the matrimonial sense. It never was less true. Some of the presents showered upon the bride and bridegroom were superb beyond words. The diamond-and-ruby tiara given by Princess Christopher of Greece is one of the finest in the world, the centre stone being the famous Beauharnais ruby. The rubies are set in a design of diamonds. The King and Queen of England sent a diamond-and-ruby pendant with their initials worked upon it, while Queen Alexandra sent an amethyst-and-diamond brooch. A fan came from Princess Mary. From Rumania came wonderful sapphires.

Madame, who is particularly pleased with the plainness and simplicity of the gowns worn by Paris brides, tells me that it is just as impossible to be out of the fashion at weddings as on other occasions. The taste is more eclectic than it has ever been. To say that this or that is worn is somewhat misleading, since everything, every style and every material, is being worn. All except those sumptuous furs which I spoke of, and which must be kept in the wardrobe until the weather consents to behave a little more rationally than it is doing at this moment!

SISLEY HUDDLESTON.



A DRESSING-GOWN REHEARSAL OF HIS "REVOLUTION" SONG: M. FEODOR CHALIAPIN.

This unconventional photograph of M. Feodor Chaliapin was taken at the Jermyn Street flat he occupied during his visit to London. It shows the great singer playing over the song which he composed and sang in 1917 in the Marie Theatre, Petrograd, at the time of the first revolution. To quote the singer's description of it, "But there came a second revolution, and my song fell to the ground. It was a patriotic song."

Photograph specially taken for "The Sketch" by Alfieri.



CHALIAPIN AT HOME TO "THE SKETCH": THE GREAT RUSSIAN SINGER SNAPPED IN HIS FLAT.

Feodor Chaliapin, the great Russian singer, who is off to New York this week with Mr. H. G. Wells, is giving a farewell concert in Liverpool on Friday, the eve of his departure. His last London concert was on Monday, but he expects to be back here by Christmas, and hopes to return to Russia early in the New Year. He much regrets leaving England, and wishes he could settle here with his eleven children.—[Photograph specially taken for "The Sketch" by Alfieri.]



CHALIAPIN DRAWN BY HIMSELF—IN THE CARUSO MANNER: THE GREAT SINGER'S CARICATURE.

M. Chaliapin, the famous Russian singer, draws excellent caricatures of himself—an accomplishment which recalls Caruso. In fact, Chaliapin's self-caricatures are very similar in manner to those which Caruso used to produce. Chaliapin has caricatured

himself according to his own formula, which runs: "You must give me a big nostril. So. And a long upper lip. There! And I have no mouth." This drawing was done for Mr. Alan d'Egville, the well-known artist, who has allowed us to reproduce it.



PETERR'S PROBLEMS: No. II.—HEART FAILURE.

By W. DOUGLAS NEWTON.

(Author of "Low Ceilings," "Green Ladies," "War," "Westward with the Prince of Wales," &c.)

PAUL PETERR, a strolling lily of the field, was shown into the study. The Solicitor looked up and glared disgust. "This—this symphony in tweeds," thought he, "explains the idiocy of the police." The Plain-Clothes Man turned with a half-snigger, half-apology.

"Evenin', Mr. Peterr," he said. "I just called round to tell Mr. Ormathwaite here the case has bin dropped. P'raps you 'card."

"I've just drifted along from the station," said Paul Peterr wearily. He sat down like a man who must occupy himself if only by resting in this empty world. "Nephew Gwyn, I find, is out," he said, and began to play with the large, square, meaty cat who ruled the house.

The Solicitor made a sound that can only be obtained by spilling the alphabet on the revolving fan of an electric ventilator.

"Sounds nettled," murmured Paul Peterr.

"Nettled!" snarled the Solicitor. "The thing is ghastly. It's a perversion of justice."

"Don't get hot," said the Plain-Clothes Man. "Do look at it cool. You can't go behind the medical officer."

"Pah!" said the Solicitor. "His ruling's infantile."

"No, medical," said the Plain-Clothes Man. "Heart failure is heart failure. You can't make it anything else, even if you would like to hang Mr. Gwyn. Also the deceased was under treatment, and had been warned against same for the past two years. Heart failure resulting on violent quarrel with said Mr. Gwyn larst night. Natural! But you can't hang a man for it."

"Then why," said the empurpled law—"then why didn't poor Probyn die last night—immediately after the quarrel? Why should he die this morning, while he was dressing?"

"Don't ask me, but he did it. From his well-known heart failure," said the Plain-Clothes Man, as though dying from heart failure was Mr. Probyn's reckless and notorious habit. The Solicitor shook angry hands at him—

"But the motives, my man."

"Hysteria," said the Plain-Clothes Man.

"Cghrrrd!" shouted the Solicitor in a language all his own.

"Yes it is," insisted the officer. "An' you know it is. His daughter is a nice girl, but she is thoroughly female. Look at the way she jumped at things; got on the telephone to us—the police, not the doctor—almost before the sound of poor Mr. Probyn's fall had died away. That shows thoughtless impulsiveness. An' she jumped at the rest too, all along of that quarrel."

"Do you think I'm impulsive?" snarled the Solicitor, glaring at the Plain-Clothes Man. The Plain-Clothes Man did, but the Solicitor was not the sort one mentioned it to. "Do you think I'm impulsive, hey? Well, I think the motive is proved, and sound. The facts are rock-bottom. Here we have this cub Gwyn, known to be utterly callous and reckless. A regular hardened bad-hat who has been sent abroad thrice already for his ill-doing. His uncle, poor Probyn, had already warned him that his next misdemeanour would lead to his name being wiped entirely out of his will. Utterly unconcerned, Gwyn performs a low act. Then he comes down to stay here quite defiantly. There is, naturally, a violent quarrel. Probyn tells the scoundrel that he has done with him. That he is going to make a fresh will to-morrow—that is, to-day."

"And the hardened lad threatens," said the mild voice of Paul Peterr. "In effect the boy says, 'Take but one move in the direction of a codicil and I finish you.'"

"He threatened murder," said the Solicitor huffily. "He warned Probyn that he would kill him before he could see me. Probyn's natural retort was to ring me up and make an appointment for to-day. . . . And Probyn died."

"From heart failure. Next morning. Result of said violent quarrel," parroted the Plain-Clothes Man.

"I won't accept it!" flamed the man of law.

"Look here, Mr. Ormathwaite, you can't help yourself. It's a straight case. Mr. Probyn, brooding over his wrongs while

towelling himself, fell dead of violent emotion. There was no sign of violence or foul play. Everythin' was ordinary. Why, we got here almost immediately, before anybody could cover up clues, and his room was undisturbed. He had got up an' dressed and washed. . . ."

"Even cleaned his teeth, you noticed," sighed Paul Peterr, in a helpful manner.

"Even that, without any excitement, and then the heart failure happened. You can't go behind the naturalness of that."

"What about poison?" snapped the Solicitor.

"No signs," said the Plain-Clothes Man. "We thought of that. Not one indication or symptom on dead man's body. No poison in the house, though we searched in all likely places, and unlikely."

"But not the obvious places," murmured Paul Peterr.

"What's that?" gasped the Plain-Clothes Man.

"When a thing is too trivial to be true, we overlook it—quite often," reflected Paul Peterr.

"Mr. Peterr," gasped the Plain-Clothes Man, "d'y' mean to say you don't believe in this heart-failure decision?"

"Something like that caused me to ask the Medical Officer to make a post-mortem, though I don't know whether it will find anything—or matter much." Paul Peterr's tone was apologetic, and his eyes were meekly fastened on the cat.

"You mean you don't accept the only natural theory, Mr. Peterr?" cried the Plain-Clothes Man, almost in appeal.

"It did seem a pity to waste good circumstantial evidence."

"But the facts of the case, Mr. Peterr. The plain facts. . . ."

"What's the matter with the cat?" snapped the impatient Mr. Ormathwaite.

The fine meaty cat swirled round in one mad circle, lurched forward; it stiffened and fell anyhow.

"He seems," said Paul Peterr reflectively, "rather dead. Do you agree, officer?"

"Dead as a door-nail," said the amazed officer, on his knees. "Rummy! What happened to him?"

"Poor pussy!" sighed Paul Peterr. "Another victim to the science of criminal investigation."

"What!" shouted both men.

"In that way poor Mr. Probyn was—murdered."

Both men were staring at him in amazement and horror, as he sat looking reflectively down at the body of the cat.

"How did you—what did you give him?" cried the Solicitor.

"Tooth-powder," said Paul Peterr, looking up.

"Please," said the Solicitor, after a pause. . . . "At this moment, you know, you must be serious. . . ."

"Tooth-powder," repeated Paul Peterr. "A pink tooth-powder, on my finger-tip." He looked dreamily at the others. "When I examined the body of Mr. Probyn, there was pink tooth-powder on the cheeks at each corner of his mouth."

"Of course," cried the Plain-Clothes Man. "He was just washing. He hadn't finished drying himself."

"But curiously," went on Paul Peterr evenly, "there was no sign of tooth-powder, pink or otherwise, on his washstand or anywhere about his room. Queer. That tooth-powder had been spirited away. I decided that if I found that tooth-powder, I should find a good deal."

"And you did find it, in that scoundrel's room?"

"No," sighed Paul Peterr—"in his dressing-gown pocket. A little of it, in the bottom of his pocket. The tin has been well hidden, but there was just this small amount, spilt out in the pocket."

"By jingo!" shouted the Plain-Clothes Man. "See what happened. That Gwyn planted the poisoned tooth-powder on Mr. Probyn's washstand. Then, when the alarm went, he nipped into the room, snatched the tin up, rammed it into his pocket, and so hid his means of killing the old man. . . . In his haste he spilt a little. Isn't that it?"

"You couldn't have expressed my thoughts better," said Paul Peterr. "Even if you had thought them yourself."

THE END.

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OUT OF THE RUCK.

By GEORGE PRIMROSE.



IMAGINARY States, although hard enough worked in novels, have still a turn to serve, when they are constructed on what may be called "Lenin-Trotsky" lines, and replace Ruritanian court ceremonies with proletarian violence. But the political fortunes of Trinacria concern the reader of "The Red Knight" very little, as compared with the love adventures of Robert Bryden, the half-Trinacrian, half-English champion of lost causes who takes quixotic and thankless service under the proletarian dictator, Enrico Massa, and consents to act as spy upon a noble family, the Cammarata, suspected of plotting the restoration of the Royal House.

That Bryden should fall in love with Maddalena Cammarata and find his task impossible may be a stock situation, to be rejected with a smile by any cool-headed critic, but Mr. F. Brett Young is so infectiously fiery a story-teller that cool-headed criticism never has a chance. The whole thing is make-believe, but such moving make-believe that you are swept along and upwards to the heights of unquestioning acquiescence. In this fiction, this dream of passion, the author forces the reader's soul to his own conceit, compelling him to accept and actually live in the world he has created.

Trinacria of the novel never was, but it *is*. You see and know its Street of Palaces, its meaner alleys; you breathe its southern airs, not always too savoury, feel its pitiless sunshine and jostle with its crowds, a people that is touch-wood to the fires of revolution. The street-fighting scenes are as vivid as Victor Hugo's, and modern weapons heighten the terror. Over all soars a personal romance, detached from civil commotion and caught away, at times, into a strange mediævalism of setting. Bryden, a sideways heir of the Risorgimento, is a complex of Hampstead, Soho, Chelsea, Trinacria, art, British commerce, and Italian aristocracy, finely conceived and faithfully set down. Maddalena is no less truly drawn; but another woman, Carmela, Bryden's former model and mistress, that Trinacrian plebeian with her wild and primitive ardours, contests the rôle of heroine in a remarkable story.

If any "literary aspirant" wishes to realise the penalties of Fame, Mr. Stephen McKenna, a credible expert, conceals none of the horrors and troubles that beset the distinguished author. Budding Eric Lanes may improve their education and take due warning, but that lesson is only an incident in "The Secret Victory," a story that brings Mr. Lane back from his long, broken-hearted globe-trotting and launches him on a new sentimental journey. Just as he was leaving America for England he met Ivy Maitland, an emancipated little "war-worker," who thrust herself upon his reluctant notice, and gradually riveted his attention.

Ivy is a type of the modern child-rebel, who thinks it knows everything and is ready to go all lengths for "freedom." She leaves home and the parental antagonism of Mr. Justice and Lady Maitland for a dubious lodging and a racketsy West-End life in which John Gaymer, an Air officer, plays juvenile lead on the primrose path to trouble. It is when the trouble can no longer be hidden that Eric Lane comes to grips with a trying situation. By this time he is so much in love

with Ivy that he offers her marriage as a way of escape from disgrace. But, always a self-tormentor, he agonises to make sure she returns his passion and is not consenting out of gratitude. The situation lends itself very well to the further exploration of Lane's curious brand of philanthropy, and no one who knows the hero will be surprised to learn that the final move is a second sacrifice.

Characters from former books glance across Mr. McKenna's lively pages, and once more the reader is privileged to enter that smart world of pseudo-culture and indeterminate ideals, if any, which this author has chosen as the butt of his understanding satire. He is not too hard on his subjects, and although he gives them beans, more or less, he never lets his censure betray him into caricature.

Dr. Gaisford is a doctor we would not hesitate to call in alike for his qualities as a friend and for his abilities as a physician. In the most crucial situation of the book, when Ivy's life is in the balance after a mishap of a kind not usually given so much prominence in fiction, he vindicates the honour of his profession in a single word. Touches like that prove Mr. McKenna's advance in craftsmanship. Until he brought it in, one had begun to consider the whole incident an unpleasant intrusion; but Gaisford's remark restores the atmosphere to wholesomeness. As a commentary on a world which a character

of Mr. Galsworthy's has just called "this new hurly-burly of bad manners and loose morals," the book succeeds; but our ailing, generously foolish Eric pays a long and rather unnecessary price for his secret victory—that is to say, the final conquest of his lasting infatuation for Barbara Neave. He was cured by what the old divines called "the expulsive power of a new affection," but, poor devil, he couldn't enjoy even that.

If you like quietly distinguished writing with a fine sense of character and a touch of gentle satire, you should make the acquaintance of the Peel family, who lived in Kensington Gore, were rich and became poor. Their ill-fortune came not through war losses, but because their father, Sir Harold, whom the children call "Hal," was a speculator, just as other men are drunkards or libertines.

The likes and dislikes of the young Peels for each other, their easy code, their fairly well-informed flippancies, their snobberies, their faddy mother and their indulgent father, make good comedy with a touch of tragedy. Caroline, hardened by the loss of her lover in the war, but still carrying on, is a person one has met and liked as much in real life as one likes her in the book. Her affection for her brother Roden, the quasi-literary son, is a subtle piece of observation; and Roden's love-affair with a girl of no social position neatly accentuates not only his constitutional divergence from the accepted Peel tradition, but also the family's tolerant intolerance. To her new novel, "The Singing Captives," Miss E. B. C. Jones (Mrs. F. L. Lucas) has given that indefinable quality we recognise as "literature."



THE VIOLET-CLAD BRIDE AND HER WEDDING CORTÈGE: LORD GLENVY'S DAUGHTER MARRIES MAJOR CECIL D. KNIGHT.

The marriage of the Hon. Violet Lilian Campbell, only daughter of Lord and Lady Glenavy of Milltown, to Major Cecil D. Knight, the Carabiniers, son of Mr. and Mrs. Davenport Knight, of Bembridge House, Bembridge, Isle of Wight, took place at St. Philip's, Milltown, Co. Dublin. Lord Glenavy may possibly be better remembered as Sir James Campbell, the Lord Chancellor of Ireland. The bride made a remarkable departure from classic tradition by appearing in a violet wedding dress and veil—evidently on account of her name.—[Photograph by T.P.A.]

The Red Knight. By F. Brett Young. (Collins; 7s. 6d.)

The Secret Victory. By Stephen McKenna. (Hutchinson; 8s. 6d.)

The Singing Captives. By E. B. C. Jones. (Cobden-Sanderson; 6s.)

A FAMOUS RACE-HORSE OWNER AT HOME



TAKING A "CLOSE-UP" OF SUNSPOT: MR. J. B. JOEL WATCHING THE FILMING OF ONE OF HIS RACE-HORSES.



THE BROOD MARES GALLOPING IN CHILDWICK BURY



WITH BLACK JESTER, THE FAMOUS RACE-HORSE, NOW GONE TO THE STUD: MR. J. B. JOEL.



DOG-FANCIER TOO: MR. J. B. JOEL, WITH TWO OF HIS ALSATIAN WOLF-HOUNDS.

Mr. Jack Barnato Joel, the financier and famous sporting personality, is one of the most successful race-horse owners of the day, and has bred many famous horses at his stud at Childwick Bury, St. Albans. Our photographs show Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Joel with some of the horses which have carried the well-known "black; scarlet cap" to victory, and also give a snapshot of Mr. Joel, who is a dog-fancier as well as a

Photographs specially taken

PICTURES FROM CHILDWICK BURY, ST. ALBANS.



NEW PASTURE: A SNAPSHOT AT ST. ALBANS.



BESIDE THE MEMORIAL ERECTED TO DORIS: MR. AND MRS. J. B. JOEL, WITH SUNSTAR, THE DERBY-WINNING SON OF DORIS.



IN THE GARDEN: MR. JOEL, WITH HIS WIFE, THE SISTER OF MR. "TOMMY" SOPWITH, OF AIR FAME.



TAKING A LOOK AT ALLENBY: MR. J. B. JOEL WITH THE FAMOUS RACE-HORSE, NOW GONE TO THE STUD.

being enthusiast, with two of his Alsatian wolf-hounds. The memorial to Doris was erected in memory of the famous mare, whose son, Sunstar, won the Derby in 1911. Allenby, the well-known horse by Bayardo out of Tagalie, has now gone to the stud. Mr. J. B. Joel, who is one of the partners in Barnato Brothers, married Miss Olive Culson Sopwith, one of the sisters of Mr. "Tommy" Sopwith, the famous airman.

HAVE YOU STARTED TO TRY TO WIN THAT £100?

ALL YOU HAVE TO DO is to answer :

1. *What feature, from the literary, artistic, or printing point of view, do you think best in "The Sketch"?*
2. *What feature, from the same points of view, do you like least in "The Sketch," or would prefer to be omitted from its pages?*
3. *What feature not at present published in "The Sketch" would you like to see introduced?*

No literary, technical, or artistic talent is required. Study of the paper and common-sense are alone needed.

We are already assured of your good-will in this matter, but we do not want you to work for nothing. Therefore, we propose to give the sum of ONE HUNDRED POUNDS (£100) FOR THE THREE BEST ANSWERS from any one reader to the three questions printed here.

It must be understood, of course, that the Editor's decision as to the winner of the prize is final and cannot be discussed.

We do not ask for any *signed coupons*. You are not even required to buy a single copy. You may see *The Sketch* at the club, or borrow a copy from your friends.

All you have to do is to study *The Sketch* from time to time. Having studied the paper, decide upon your opinion, and write out your three answers to the questions, observing the following conditions.

Each set of questions and answers should be written on a sheet of paper and signed with a pen-name. Another sheet of paper should bear your pen-name and your actual name and address. Thus :

SHEET 1.

1. *The feature I like best in "The Sketch" is (e.g. "Molloy Notes"); because, etc., etc.*
2. *The feature I like least in "The Sketch" is (e.g. "Molloy Notes"); because, etc., etc.*
3. *The feature I should like added to "The Sketch" is, etc., etc.*

(Signed)
CROIX DE GUERRE.

SHEET 2.

CROIX DE GUERRE.

ADAM ABEL,
3917, Blank Grove,
W.

On receipt of these, the sheets will be separated, and the Editor will only see the pages signed with the pen-name. This is so that the Editor of *The Sketch* may not know to whose opinion he has given the prize, until after he has given the decision. Thus he will judge without knowing whose opinion he has seen.

The name of the winner and his, or her, address will be published; but, obviously, not the suggestions.

We would again emphasise that the winning of the £100 is open to man, woman, or child, and that only common-sense is required.

NOTE.—All answers must reach "The Sketch" Office, 15, Essex Street, Strand, London, W.C.2, before Jan. 1, 1922. They should be addressed, "Competition," "The Sketch," 15, Essex Street, Strand, London, W.C.2.

Saturday's Explorer Bride-To-Be.



The marriage of Mrs. Rosita Forbes, the famous explorer, and elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. J. Torr, of Morton Hall, Swinderby, Lincs., to Lieutenant-Colonel A. T. McGrath, D.S.O., R.A., is fixed for Saturday next, October 22. It will be an event of great social

interest, as Mrs. Forbes's adventurous journey to Kufara excited world-wide interest, and she is considered one of the great explorers of the century. This is her latest portrait and is an excellent study.—[Photograph by Maull and Fox.]

No Rose Without a Thorn!



MOTHER: My dear boy, I'm simply delighted to think you're to be my son-in-law.

BERTIE (caught unawares): Good Lord! I hadn't thought of that!

DRAWN BY WILL OWEN.

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To George the Fifth
One hundred years long.
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TOLLEMACHE.



MRS. HORE-RUTHVEN AND COL. HORE-RUTHVEN,
V.C., WITH MRS SAWYER.



THE DAUGHTER OF COL. CHAPLIN: MISS
JUNE CHAPLIN AT NORTH BERWICK.



READY FOR A ROUND
LADY SMILEY.



WAITING AT THE FIRST TEE: SIR ROBERT AITKEN,
LADY READ, AND SIR MARSHALL READ.

STILL LINGERING IN SCOTLAND SOCIETY AT GOLF.

Society is still lingering in Scotland, as these recent photographs from North Berwick go to prove. Miss Angela Tollemache is a keen young player. She paid a visit to her sister, Mrs. Guy Dubs, at St. Andrews; so is able to compare its famous links with those at North Berwick. Lady Smiley is the wife of Sir John Smiley, Bt., and is the daughter of Sir Claude Champion de Crespigny, fourth Bt. Sir Robert Aitken is the well-known banking expert; and Miss Rosemary Hope-Vere is the daughter of Colonel Hope-Vere.

*Photographs specially taken for "The Sketch"
by Balmain.*



YOUNG ENTHUSIASTS: MISS EDITH LAWRIE
AND MISS ROSEMARY HOPE-VERE.



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are Real."

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A Client in the London Area writes:—

"I would say that these pearls have been critically examined by a pearl expert, who tells me that there are about £2,000 worth 'if they are real'; even now he does not know whether to call them genuine or not, and often tells me they are too good to wear too often."

The pearl-wearing habit outlasts all other jewel vogue and the wonderful qualities of **Ciro Pearls** have created a big demand for realistic substitutes of the genuine Oriental. Even women of means, to whom the real are not impossible, prefer the enjoyment and freedom of wearing, without the worry and fear of loss, **Ciro's** faithful reproductions, which baffle even experts.

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HERALDED to an expectant public by the stimulating announcement that his appearance was an interesting blend of Mr. Asquith and the late Sir Herbert Tree, almost smothered under the widely advertised wings of an international angel of mercy, and endeared to the leather trade (which happened to be holding its annual Fair just then) by the intimation that he wore size thirteens, M. Chaliapin, opened the musical season the other day with a merry noise.

It was a pleasant return to the bad old days when prices were steady, and things you bought were what they seemed, and the world had not yet gone to war—it was a delightful echo of pre-war peace (instead of the state of post-peace war in which we seem to be living) to hear that great manly voice again. Even in the vague immensity of the Albert Hall, which manages to reduce the sweeping gestures of Russian courtesy to the tiny movements of a marionette.

One seemed to be back in the old days when Russian Ballet was a new sensation, and the Russian Opera at Drury Lane was the latest, the Asquithian thing. It was quite, you know, a pleasant feeling. If Mr. Lloyd George will permit one to say so. The world was quite a civilised, nice place then. You could go from one country into the next without telling the pelicans in St. James's Park the shape of your face. And one could hear the best of European talent (and there was never—even in those days—too much of it) without murmuring to one's patriotic consciousness, "Hun" or "Bolshevik."

He stood up and waved his arms and gave out the hymns. "Number fifty-one." Just like that. And then we were whirled off into the Glinka "Midnight Review," or whatever it was that he felt like singing for us. Or the Moussorgsky Song of—what *Punch* has taught us to refer to with delicate reticence as the . . .

A sound scheme, this export of eminent artists to raise money for their suffering countries. Which Sir Robert Horne might give a thought to the next time that he is wondering, among the horn spectacles in the Treasury, how to get the exchanges right. And he might leave the selection of the artists to Us.

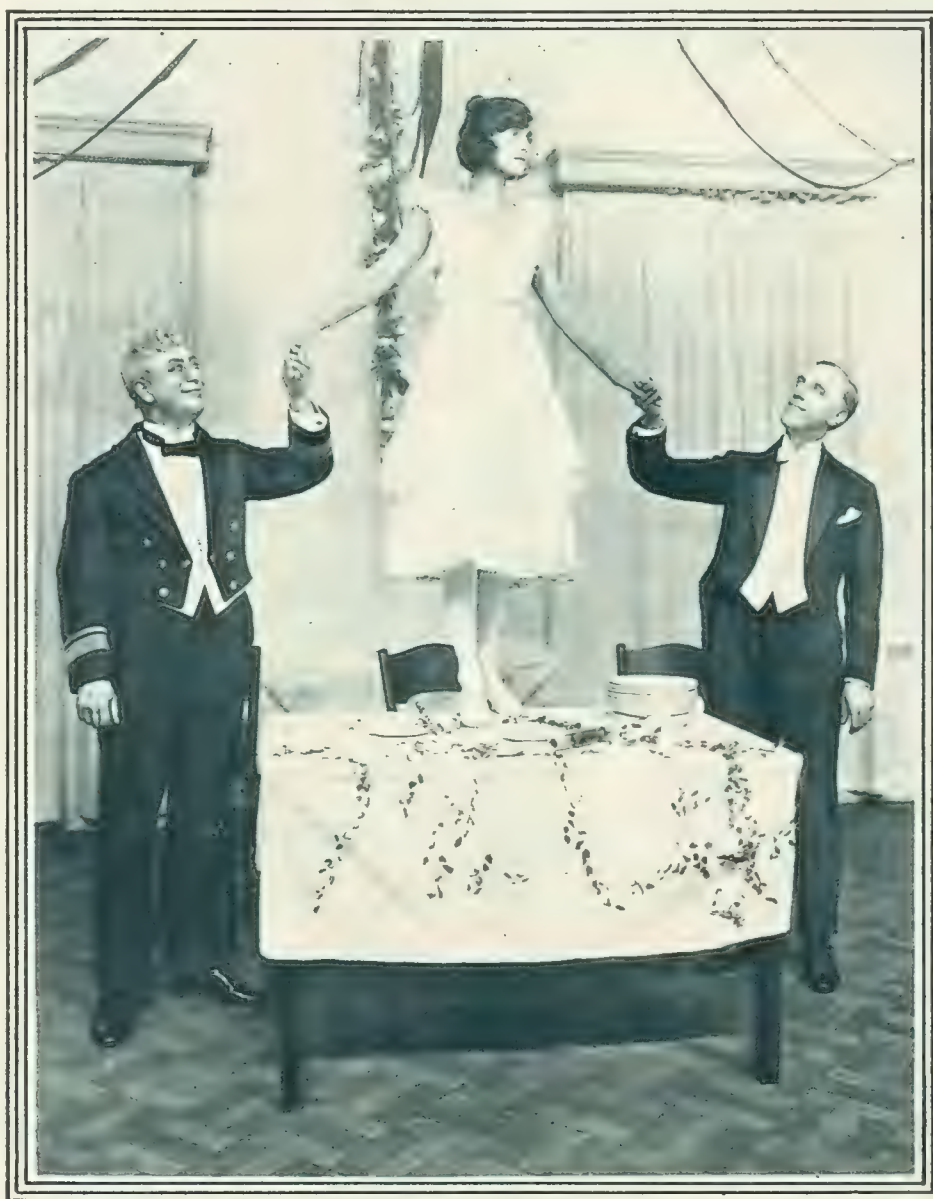
Some that we should choose would be sent to fill crowded houses with dollars, and we should feel their exile from London as a genuine sacrifice. And some—well, some would just be sent. Under statutory authority. They might, perhaps, call it the "Safeguarding of Amusements Act." And if we rashly enumerate them, you may wonder deep down in your own inner consciousness which class the names fall into. We daren't. Because it is becoming the modern fashion to serve writs for libel in sets of nine. And the stage is always fashionable.

Miss Irene Vanbrugh would have to go, of course. To show them that we still possess an actress of the first and finest order. And Miss Gladys Cooper. Just to revive their recollection of English Types of Beauty, No. 1. And possibly to demonstrate that she has not forgotten in the course of her long sojourn before the camera (far from *obscura*) how to do a little work and act. Not, as they say, wholly unaccompanied by Miss Nesbitt. But leaving, one hopes, that flaxen wig which dropped the Love Thief in his tracks.

And which men should we send? Mr. Cyril Maude, perhaps. And Mr. Norman McKinnel to wring sterling out of them by the sheer power of his clenched fists. Nor should we forget the profile qualities of Messrs. Nares, Gill, and Ainley. A pleasant game, isn't it? Now you can go on with it for yourself.

But, seriously, there is something to be said for the policy. If the stony-hearted Yank, Swede, and Dago whose exchanges are against us won't have our cotton piece goods and our agricultural machinery, we might try them with our back-falls and our stifled sobs. Then the brutes might buy.

It seems better than exporting Romneys to pork-packers. Because Romneys (if it is not impolite to say so) are irreplaceable. So let us woo Mr. Clynes to demand the nationalisation of the stage, backed by the unbroken front of the Gas-fitters' Finishers and the Glass-bottle Repairers. And export, to attenuate the late Lord Fisher, the lot! This suggestion is put forward in a patriotic spirit. We offer it freely—for what it is worth.



THE ADMIRAL FAILS TO RECOGNISE HIS DAUGHTER: MR. HENRY WENMAN, MISS MARJORIE GORDON, AND MR. RALPH LYNN IN "MY NIECES."

"My Nieces," the musical comedy now at the Aldwych, recently reached its fiftieth performance, and is "going strong." Our photograph shows Rear-Admiral Jessop (Mr. Henry Wenman), with his daughter, Pamela (Miss Marjorie Gordon), and the Hon. Percival Todhunter (Mr. Ralph Lynn). The Admiral does not recognise his schoolgirl daughter in the bride who is chief guest at the party.—[Photograph by Stage Photo. Co.]



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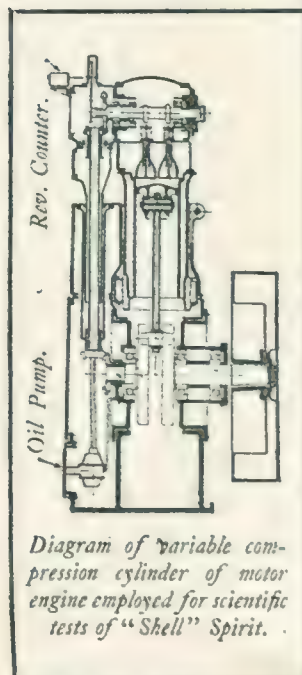
These tests are carried out under the supervision of well-known scientists in the Testing Laboratories and Works where the famous "Tanks" and other machines of war were tested and developed, and where many motor manufacturers send their new units for efficiency tests.

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MOTOR DICTA



SALON SENSATIONS: AUTOMOBILE CESAREWITCH. By GERALD BISS.

THOUGH it would be exaggerated and absurd to write "Ichabod" over the lintel of the Paris Salon just concluded, there is no question but that its glory and prestige have to a certain extent departed—partly in the natural course of evolution, and partly owing to the frozen-footed decision of last year to give it a miss in baulk. In consequence, the great dual exhibition in London, the only important one in Europe, became automatically the Delos of automobilism, and seriously looks like retaining the "ashes," so far as the rest of the world is concerned. The recent Hun show was a purely domestic affair; and intensely interesting as the Salon was in many ways, it failed to draw more than a couple of English car exhibits—the Napier and the Daimler—and scarcely more from the whole automobile population of Yankee-doodle-dom. Of course, there is the question of exchange to be brought into account, and the Gaul has certainly not shown himself at all hospitably inclined towards the imported auto since the war; and, in addition, the hiatus voluntarily created by himself in the hour of slump and depression has proved a fatal mistake by bringing home the fact that everything of the least importance, and a good deal else of very little, will be on show within a month at Olympia and the White City, together with all the British models, and such as America intends to market on this side of the Pond. So why hectic rushes at any old price across the Channel, especially in these more prosaic days, when the automobile has evolved itself into a more settled and less sensational product upon more or less commercial lines? So far as I can gather, only a comparatively small section even of British motor-manufacturers went to the trouble and expense of visiting this year's Salon, at what is, to them, a highly inconvenient time of the year; and I have not come across any amateur auto-enthusiasts who have done so, as in the romantic early days—in fact, only those who for other reasons happened to be in Paris during its short life.

New Models and Present-Hour Tendencies.

Of course, there were Salon sensations, which we shall see over here in a fortnight's time, such as the twelve-cylinder "Super-Fiat," and the twelve-cylinder Voisin—both very striking models right up at the very top and a bit over; the newly designed Farman; the "Super-Bellanger" eight-cylinder; the new Hotchkiss; the new Delpuch, a make showing for the first time, which, incidentally, I am not sure that we shall see over here; the first view of our new 20-h.p. Daimler, which is to be, I am told, the big staple of the big Coventry firm this year; the 10-h.p. Ballot at the low price of 80,000 francs, reputed up to 100 m.p.h. on the road; the sensationally successful baby Talbot-Darracq, with its laurels fresh upon it; the 8-h.p. sleeve-valve Voisin, practically the 18-h.p. in miniature; the 11-h.p. Delage with front-wheel brakes, and a whole host of others too numerous to mention—altogether, frankly a brilliant gathering, full of good omens for Olympia and the White City from the public's point of view. To size the Salon up in a nutshell, however, the two outstanding features were

undoubtedly the prevalence of front-wheel brakes—without which the French, at any rate, judge no really fast car to be safe nowadays—and the wonderful number of little models in the 10-h.p. zone, made by famous firms hitherto too haughty even to recognise such automobile babes, but suddenly brought to earth by the prevailing financial conditions of the hour all over the world, and the big public demand on all sides for economy both in initial cost and upkeep—or nothing at all!



NOW ON THE BOARD OF NAPIER AND SON, LTD:

SIR HARRY BRITTAIN, K.B.E.

Sir Harry Brittain, K.B.E., M.P. for Acton, is the latest addition to the Board of Messrs. D. Napier and Son, Ltd., the famous manufacturers of the six-cylinder motor carriages and aero engines which bear their name. Sir Harry is a man of many interests, and will be remembered specially as being the organiser and originator of the first Imperial Press Conference of 1909. He did very valuable work during the war, and was created a K.B.E. in 1918.

200-Mile Race at Brooklands.

Essentially it is the hour of the automobile baby, and on Saturday next at Brooklands there will be run, under the auspices of the Junior Car Club, what will prove to be the biggest event of the season on the track—the 200-mile race for the little 'uns not exceeding 1500 c.c., or the "one-and-a-half litre" class, as it is clumsily called, with a special class under 1100 c.c. Altogether, there are no fewer than six dozen and one entries, exceeding the most optimistic expectations; and they will start at noon prompt, in four rows, coloured yellow, red, green, and white to distinguish them; and when they are all going we shall see for the first time in the history of Brooklands the track really well covered with cars. Moreover, these little chaps can travel jolly fast, too, and won't bore spectators by letting the grass grow under their tyres. In fact, an average of 80 m.p.h. or more is confidently expected; and, frankly, no one can say what this hot lot of little scorcher may not do, after all that one has heard in confidence of what some of them have actually done in public. Take the recent A.C. stunt, when it covered well over a thousand miles in record time, and it will be up against such k'nuts as the Talbot-Darracq



A HARPIST WHO HAS PLAYED BEFORE ROYALTY: LADY BRITTAIN.

Lady Brittain is the wife of Sir Harry Brittain, who has just joined the Board of Messrs. Napier and Son, Ltd. She is the only daughter of Sir Robert Harvey, and was married in 1905. Lady Brittain is an accomplished harpist, and has played before royalty. She and Sir Harry have a beautiful old eighteenth-century house in Cowley Street, Westminster, where this photograph of Lady Brittain was taken.

blue-bottles (who are hot favourites after their unparalleled Sarthe scoop), the Bugattis, Hillmans, Aston-Martins, Charrons, Horstmans, and lots of other fast and furious young things, to say nothing of the dark Soriano-Pedrosos, which certainly sound the goods, like large cigars at five bob apiece! The cars are due to assemble in the paddock between 8 a.m. and 9.30, when they will be weighed out and, if necessary, do any eliminating laps. At 10.45 they proceed to the fork and are sorted out into their proper positions. An hour later, at 11.45, the timekeeper gives them their official instructions, and at 11.55 they are allowed to start their engines. Then at noon, whizz-bang, and they're off! The race will last the best part of three hours, and stragglers Lord knows how long, so spectators will get a full day for their money and see a lot of remarkable things. With Lee Guinness, Segrave, Zborowski, Malcolm Campbell, Hornsted, Moir, Hawkes, Noble, Brownsort and a bunch of other well-known drivers there will be a large number of the most popular crack Brooklands jockeys in the saddle, and it promises to be a great day all round. In every way the Junior Car Club is to be congratulated upon its pluck and go-ahead policy, and at this hour of their popular apotheosis the little 'uns could not ask for a better or a bigger boom. Good luck to 'em!



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Who has been starring with the Stoll Film Co., and has just finished her part in "Cherry Ripe" for the Astra Film Co.,

The Well-known Film Star, writes:

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the Tablet form being particularly convenient for Business Men and Women, all Outdoor Workers, Travellers, Sportsmen, etc. It can be used by anyone, any time, anywhere, in accurate doses, as no water is required. The 3/- tube is small enough to carry in the pocket, and contains 90 doses. Sold by all Chemists, Stores, etc. Prices, 1/3, 3/- and 5/-.

The 3/- size contains nearly four times the 1/3 size.



WHAT with all this talk about the "after-effects" and things, and what with the excuses that people give and explanations they accept—what with all these, the conclusion that is forced upon me is that Reaction is merely a misnomer for Inaction.

It was at one of those unknown places on the East Coast, and there was a particular person who had to be got off (by train), and the fellow who did odd jobs about the house was sent to the station to find out what time the last train left. After two or three hours he returned, and when asked about the train, he said: "Well, Sir, it's

when he again said "Uh?" This time the gentleman of the greeting habit shouted into his friend's ear: "I see yer up there then." The other navvy said "Yes," and went back up again—which explains the housing problem.

No woman ever believed in any man, but every woman believes by a man.

The verger was quite interested in the form of a bill that accompanied the delivery of three tons of coal to the rectory. He could not understand why the bill should be made out as "One ton of coal, thirty-five shillings; ditto, ditto." The rector explained the service of the word "ditto" in that it saved the writing of the whole sentence three times. Next Sunday morning the verger surprised the congregation by announcing:

"Hymn Number 168:
Art thou weary?
Ditto languid?
Ditto sore distressed?"

It's the unconscious wit that speaks the humour of the world.

A travelling theatrical company were doing a one-night town in Wales, but at the time of opening, the audience consisted only of one solitary, gloomy-looking man. After delaying the rise of curtain for half-an-hour, during which time no addition was made to the singleton audience, the manager stepped before the drop and made this speech: "Ladies and gentlemen; Sir: no doubt you have been put to some considerable inconvenience and possibly travelled many miles in order to witness the show which it has been announced as our intention to present at this theatre to-night. Although you are the only one who has honoured us with your presence, rather than disappoint a loyal supporter, we will give for you the whole performance from start to finish." And then the audience said in one voice: "Well hurry up and get on with it. I'm waiting to lock up. I'm the caretaker."

Said a girl who was brought up as Alice
"Yes; they called me like that out of malice;
But I'll show all the same,
You can't tell by a name
What the worth of a jolly girl pal is."



ALSATIAN BEAUTIES AND THEIR OWNER: MRS. LESLIE THORNTON, WITH SOUTHDOWN WOLF, RENE, FLORA, VESTA, AND RHODA.

Mrs. Leslie Thornton, of The Elms, Ringmer, Sussex, is breeding Alsatian wolfhounds at the Southdown Kennels. Our photograph shows her with five of her beauties.—[Photograph by P.I.C.]

not for the loikes o' me to trust to them there railway folks who come from Lunnnon, so I just sat around and waited till I see the last train go off myself. It went at ten-twenny-foor."

You can love a woman without being in love with her; but a woman can't be in love with you unless she loves you. Look at yourself.

An unemployed house-hunter in a country village asked the local parson to help him find a domicile. Through influence with the squire, the vicar managed to provide the required house, though it was a jerry-built affair which seemed all right in the fine weather. But the fine weather ended, and on the second wet day the new tenant visited the parson and, handing him the key of the loaned house, said: "Sorry, Sir; but that there house you put me into is too good for a fellow like me." Astonished, the parson inquired why it was too good. He had thought it was too bad; but the unsatisfied tenant explained: "Well, the walls are simply weeping for the delinquencies of the roof, which, being tectotal, takes nothing but water. The chimney's a non-smoker, the windows don't know what honest pain is; so it's no place for an ordinary sinner like me."

When Maisie, after a lesson, asked governess what use were sardines in the world, and was told that they were eaten by larger fish, she propounded with due solemnity the question: "But how do the large fish open the tins?"

The woman who can't get what she wants without asking for it will never get what she wants by asking for it.

As an example of the good old British art of conversation this incident takes a deal of beating. A navvy, passing a building in course of construction, recognised an old friend on the fourth storey of the scaffolding. He hailed his friend with: "I see yer up there, then." The man on the scaffolding was slightly deaf, so he clambered down a ladder to the lower storey and said: "Uh?" The man below repeated his profound observation, and the deaf man, having again asked "Uh?" came down to another storey. The same process was continued until the worker arrived on the ground,



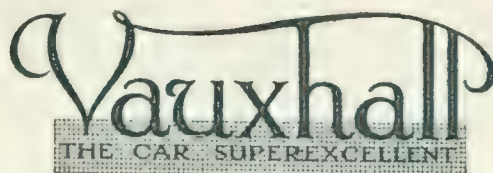
ENJOYING JULY-IN-OCTOBER: COUNTESS CATHCART AND HER CHILDREN.

This photograph shows Countess Cathcart and her children at the seaside, enjoying the tail-end of our non-stop summer. She is the wife of the fifth Earl Cathcart, and is seen with Dolores and Harry de Grey Water, her children by her first marriage.

Photograph by Photopress.

A very fat man, who was allowed to sit in the front seat of a capacious car, took it as a compliment from his hostess and remarked: "Ah! you are a strategist." But the frank hostess said "No—a comfortist."

SPEX.



CLOSED-CAR ECONOMY

Below are given some particulars about Vauxhall cars bearing on the advantages offered to closed-car users

FIRST COST

The 25 h.p. Vauxhall costs but £800 for the fully-equipped chassis, and complete with a three-quarter cabriolet or landaulette body, £1,400. Comparison, taking quality into account, will show these to be very moderate prices.

RUNNING COST

The Vauxhall is an old-established make of car and its characteristics are *known*. Economy of upkeep is one. The working cost of a 25 h.p. closed Vauxhall car can be fairly gauged from the following particulars supplied by an owner:—

Distance	Weight.	Petrol Consumption.	Tyres.	Replacements, etc.
15,000 miles	34 cwt.	18.5 m.p.g.*	10,000 miles†	1 piston ring Once decarbonised

* "Seventy-five per cent. of the mileage in and about London, as I use it every day from my house to works."

† The original tyres did 5000 miles unpunctured; they were then re-vulcanised and I turned them over to one of our light-weight vans to be worn out. I then fitted Oversize Michelins, and have done over 10,000 miles without a puncture or trouble of any description, and am now carrying the two tyres from the back wheels as spares."

G.E.L. (Ref. T.F. 755).

SERVICE

Each chassis is guaranteed for three years. There is a free inspection scheme, under which the chassis is inspected from time to time by an expert

from the Vauxhall works, and advice is given to ensure that the best results are being obtained. The durability of Vauxhall cars is proverbial.

BODY DESIGNS

Very particular attention is paid in the Vauxhall carriage department to details of construction that ensure the utmost comfort and convenience. Weight-saving, one of the factors of tyre economy, is a feature of 'Vauxhall'-designed

bodies. The types built are:—Windsor inside-drive limousine, Salisbury outside-drive limousine, Sutherland three-quarter cabriolet, Arundel inside-drive cabriolet, Warwick three-quarter landaulette. Full particulars will be sent on application.

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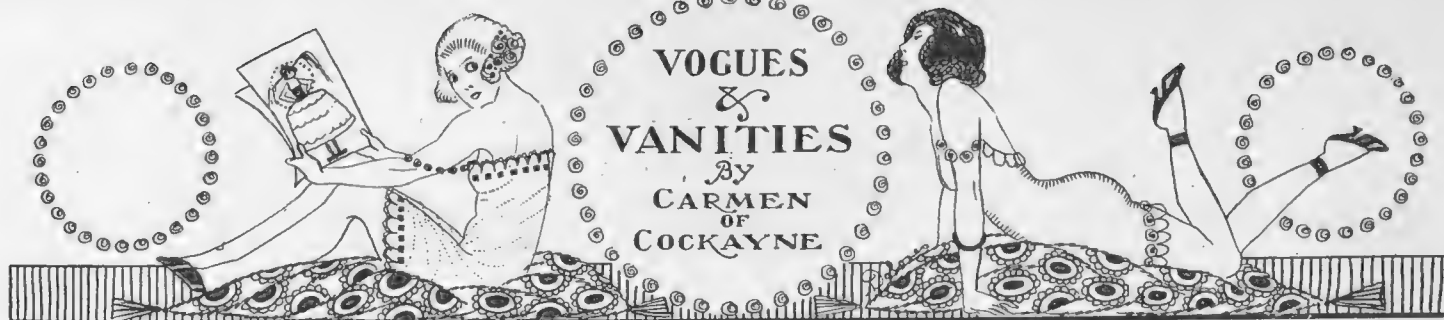
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PENCILS**



All is Known. It sounds like the last despairing cry of a woman or a man who's been "found out," or, as you might say, broken the eleventh commandment; but, in truth, the reference is to nothing more dramatic than the dress shows, the last of which has been held, and now we know the worst and best that Fashion has up that very wide sleeve upon which she seems, judging by appearances, to have set her heart.

A Word of Caution. And, after every single soul has been prophesying the downfall of the skirt, it's quite amusing to find that highly necessary garment still keeping, as it were, a high altitude. Maybe it is an inch or so longer; but what is an inch, or even two, when the gulf that yawns between hem and ankle measures twelve or fourteen inches, according to the size and shape of the wearer's understanding? Some people are taking the supremacy of the short skirt as just one more proof that London and not Paris is the leader in the dress world. Paris, they say, first



Monkey fur and ermine between them account for this wrap.

the unaccustomed impediment round her ankles (shape not disclosed), and also, I shrewdly suspect, because of the general interest aroused by her appearance.

Another Rumour Proved False.

Then, again, there was that rumour about an access of modesty in regard to low bodices and things. Well, it may be that the mode actually did contemplate a certain raising of the décolletage, and just here and there thought has been translated into action. Still, when you see a bodice that is really and truly high, and is intended for evening wear, then you can make up your mind that it's an exception. For the most part the bodice—the evening bodice, you understand—takes rather a low view of its responsibilities—so low, in fact, that on many occasions it fails, at the back, to rise much higher than where the waist-line used to be; and I just hate to contemplate the number of inches of back I saw at a certain dance the other evening when Society displayed itself, in a very literal interpretation of the term, for all the world to see. There are occasions when one can't help echoing the wish (wasn't it Burns's?) about seeing ourselves as others see us! What a lot of dress, or want of dress, tragedies would be avoided if we could!



No, it has not slipped; it is meant to look like that.



Feathers can go to great lengths these days.

can "run" to sable and similar luxuries is very limited. Wolf, good wolf, is not at all unlike fox in texture, and wears very much better. There are places where an attempt is being made to raise this "country cousin" in the fur world to the status of a real town fur—by which I mean that quite absurd prices are demanded for it. My advice, however, is to ignore this kind of place, and look about for a "house" where reliability goes hand in hand with reasonable charges. Yes, such places are to be found, and if you search about in *The Sketch* advertisements you'll come across them fast enough.

Just Think of It.

And, talking about furs, dear friends, as the curate says, the craze for fur has even gone below the surface. Which means that fur is no longer used wholly and exclusively as a garniture for frocks, wraps, and other outside garments. We are not, so far, offered a vest made of green fox, nor yet a camisole of Persian lamb; but I'm not at all sure, linings being what they are, that either would not be preferable to knicks trimmed with monkey fringe or a chemise decorated with the same ticklish kind of trimming.

Hand-Painted.

This article being more or less a series of random remarks, I'm not going to apologise for darting off into the subject of hand-painted frocks. They still persist, and for bridesmaids and tea-gowns, and also for dance dresses for "debs." I, for one, can suggest nothing more attractive. The favourite pattern seems to be flowers—clusters of them, whole bouquets of them, or showers of them, just as the worker pleases. I suppose a part of their charm is the enormously wide range of subjects at the disposal of the artist. I've seen a goldfish gown that, as its name suggests, was in a sort of greenish-blue shade, the material chiffon, and the design one of goldfish. Flower patterns I've already referred to, and now and again one finds fruit as well as birds used. There's really no limit of subject, and the success or otherwise depends upon the manner in which the subject is treated.

Fur Notes.

It always happens. No sooner does autumn come along than along too comes the man or woman who thinks he, or she, knows better than Nature, and starts experiments with her work! Which reminds me of the curious fur effects one sees about. Sometimes it's merely a matter of introducing a fur of one kind against a background of an altogether different pelt. That's easy to understand. What I can't find any justification for is the practice—honestly, it seems horribly barbarous—of dyeing some quite lovely pelt an absurd colour. Think of yellow fox, for example! But it's done, and so, presumably, somebody is found to wear it. And here I'd like to say a good word for wolf. It's not what you might call a member of the exclusive fur circle, but none the less becoming for that. After all, the number of people who



This picture illustrates the fashion for decorated gloves.



If you like Maltese crosses you'll like this chiffon model that is covered with them.

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These Harrods Models are not only stylish to a degree, both in materials and in shape, but, at these moderate prices, they are also the perfection of fine Value. A personal inspection of Harrods complete Display is earnestly advised.



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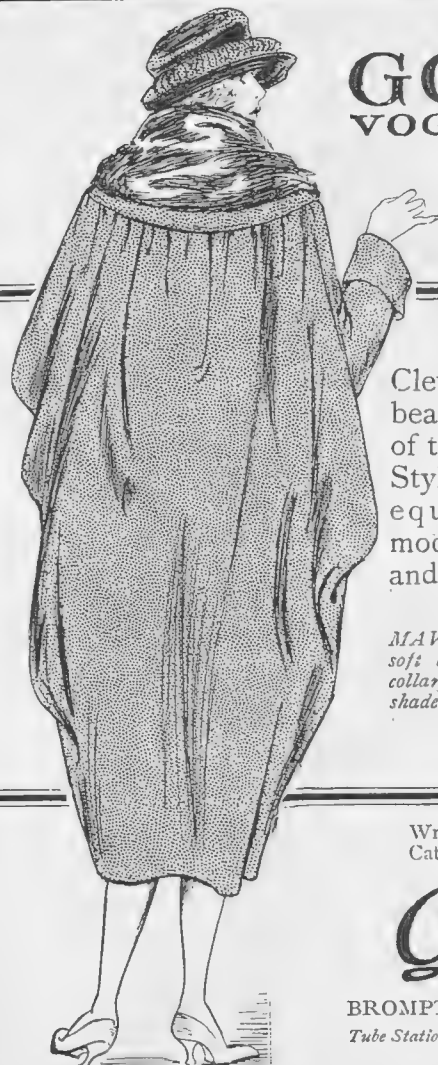
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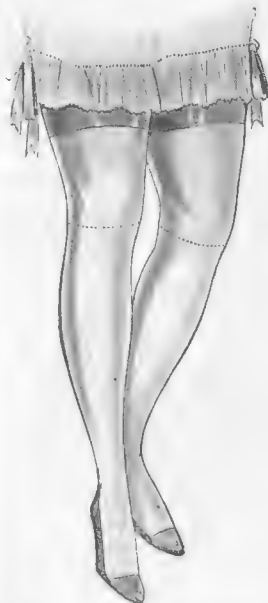
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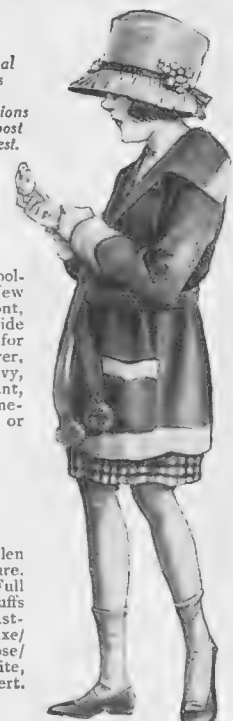
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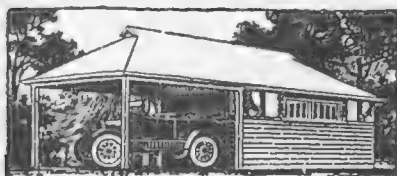
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You can buy these boots at the shop of the Delta agent in your neighbourhood.

*Lotus
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27



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"FAMILY" (Plain), "FAMILY" (Nut), MILK, NUT MILK,
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The Art of Becoming Dress

There is a tendency to overlook the individual solution of the problems of dress. Particularly has this been true in the selection of corsets; but as more and more women have come to a better understanding of those unvarying principles of beauty and good taste that must be the foundation of all becomingness in dress, GOSSARD Corsets have found an undisputed place in the wardrobes of the world's best dressed women.

GOSSARD Front Lacing CORSETS

You will find GOSSARD Corsets at those shops where a superior and individual service assures you the corset best suited to your needs. The merchant who sells you a GOSSARD will assume full responsibility of your complete satisfaction.

And GOSSARDS are still moderately priced within the reach of every woman. Since GOSSARDS introduced front lacing corsetry eighteen years ago, they have retained their unmatched popularity and far out-sold any following front lacing corsets, by maintaining a quality above imitation without ever permitting conditions to disturb unduly the fair price at which they are offered.

The British H. W. Gossard Co. Ltd.

Wholesale
only.

Largest Makers of Fine Corsets,
168, REGENT ST., LONDON, W.1

Wholesale
only.

ALSO AT TORONTO, CHICAGO, NEW YORK, SYDNEY, BUENOS AIRES.

THE WOMAN OUT OF TOWN.

Sunshine in the North. We are in luck, those of us left in the North for a little longer. The weather is simply gorgeous: warm and sunny and bright, with lovely cool, fresh breezes either from the sea or from the hills. The grouse-shooting is, perhaps, now at its most enjoyable, because it is a real amusement and sport, no longer a big-bag-making duty. The game-larders are kept supplied and some birds sent South, and there are stalks most days, so venison is part of the menu at most meals. The Duke and Duchess of Sutherland have not left Dunrobin as I write, but are, I believe, going South soon. There will no doubt be a banquet at the Palace before the Prince of Wales' departure, of a more or less official character, and the Duchess is Mistress of the Robes. The Queen, however, usually dispenses with a large suite, and during and since the war has been attended by the fewest possible number of members of her Household.

The Ears of an Ass. King Midas' ears were, according to fable, a serious trouble to him. That they were those of an ass he managed to hide; so kingly fashion in those days was probably dictated by the king. What woman of us all is responsible for the hidden ears of our sex during the last few years? Has her deadliest rival found her out and now bribed the creators of fashion to reveal feminine ears in the fullest? The other day a man complained that girls all looked so much alike that it was almost impossible to distinguish which was which of his acquaintances among them. A knowledgeable woman said: "No wonder; the two chief characteristics of their faces are hidden—their brows and their ears." Her idea is that the little shell-like ear is a sign of doll-like attributes, and unless contradicted by a fine level brow, makes for dullness. I wonder if King Midas' ears meant ass-like qualities? If so there are many



Photo, Bertram Park.

Old-gold chiffon velvet, heavy bead embroidery, and sable-dyed squirrel form an evening wrap of which Isobel may justly be proud.

who would accept them if his gold-making acquirements were included.

The Lady and Her Locks.

The change in hair-dressing and in hats will be the chief hallmark of the autumn season fashions. Once more hair is to be carefully arranged and waved and curled. This is good news for celebrated *coiffeurs* like those of the Maison Georges, 40, Buckingham Palace Road, whose rare skill in making the hair of our sex its chief ornament is so well known. Their wonderful transformations will be now more in request than ever. They make it so easy to appear in perfectly dressed hair at a very short notice. This is an important matter in these fully occupied days. All smart women who play golf by day, followed by bridge and dances at night, should have two or more of these marvellous things. They are as beautiful as the most beautiful natural hair, and take next to no time to put on and arrange; whereas if you upset your own natural crop, it insists on a long time to put right.

A Plus Four Suit.

Do you know what a plus four suit is? I was rather shy about asking a smart young man for whose friend I was negotiating the purchase of a piece of hand-woven tweed to make such a suit. I discovered that it meant the very latest murmur in the sporting—and especially in the golfing—silhouette. The coat clearly indicates the waist-line, and is so arranged with pleats at the back that the arms are free for the mightiest swing. The knickers are wide,

[Continued overleaf.]

Sapphire and Diamonds. £6 0 0

Diamonds. £35 0 0

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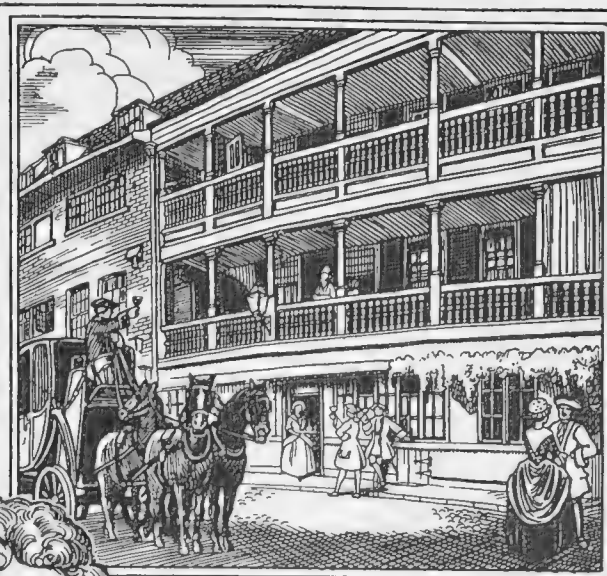
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'NUGGET' is made in four different colours: Black, Brown, Dark Brown and Toney Red, 4d. and 6d. per tin.

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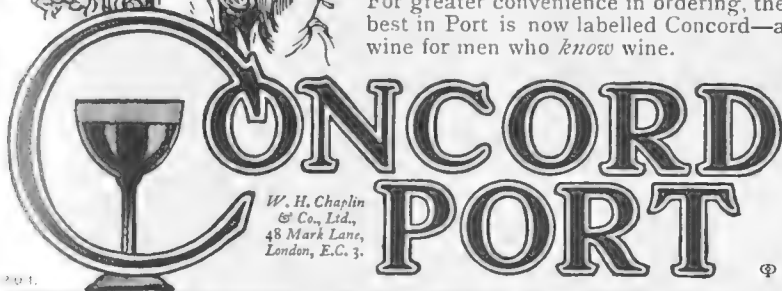
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For greater convenience in ordering, the best in Port is now labelled Concord—a wine for men who *know* wine.



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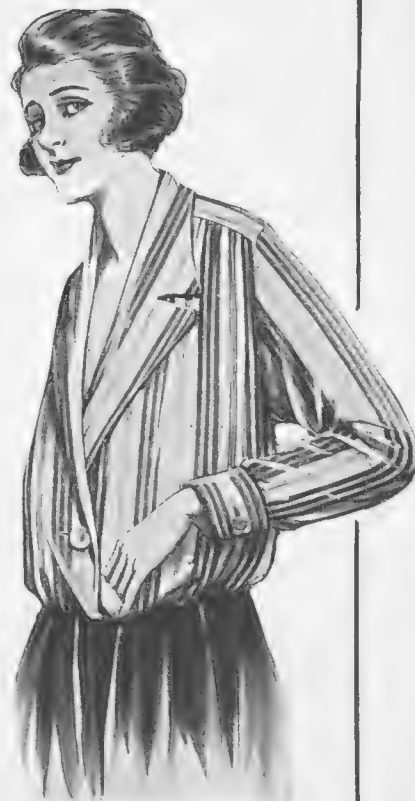
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MARSHALL &
SNELGROVE

VERE STREET AND OXFORD STREET
LONDON W.1

Sent on Approval.



(Continued.)

like our own skirts, and are fitted in at the waist with flat pleats and at the knees with first cousins to cords and tassels. Very smart the suit looks, with nice hand-knitted stockings to match or slightly to contrast with it. Happily, it is not necessary to be a plus four man to wear a plus four suit; if this were so our feminine eyes would rarely be gladdened by the male elegance which it illustrates so aptly.

More Than Eighteen.

I was surprised to see pictures purporting to be of the Crown Prince of Denmark demonstrating his skill with a rifle at the age of eighteen. Prince Frederick of Denmark was twenty-two in March last, and his only brother, Prince Knud, was twenty-one in July. I am told that they are fine young men, and both began their careers in the Danish Navy. Like most of the Danish Royal Family, they are tall, although not so tall as King Christian, who is six feet three. There is no more democratic or accessible monarch in Europe than King Christian and his Queen, sister to the ex-Crown Prince of Germany's wife, is like him. Their mother, the Grand Duchess Anastasia, lives at Cannes and Gelbendsande, and her only brother is ex-Grand Duke of Mecklenburg-Schwerin, and married a daughter of the Duke and Duchess of Cumberland.

Settled in Royal Families.

Mr. William Leeds and Princess Xenia of Russia were married in Paris last week, so that mother and son are now matrimonially settled in Royal families. I believe the newest bride and bridegroom intend to travel in America for at least a year. They



Front-laced corsets are a necessity in these maidless days, and Gossard and Co. have numerous examples of this particular kind of stays.

are very young, and the Princess is charmingly pretty, and has lived in England all through the war, during which she worked for the Red Cross with her mother and sister. Her father was, according to the current "Almanach de Gotha," shot at Petrograd on January 28, 1919. This may, however, well be wrong. There is little doubt that he is dead, for the Grand Duchess wore widow's weeds for two years. There is a good deal of speculation as to when Mrs. Leeds—known in Greece as Princess Anastasia and wife of Prince Christopher—will use Spencer House, St. James, which has been beautifully decorated and is all ready for her occupation.

The Hen With Earrings.

A Justice of the Peace of Ulster has made an interesting announcement. It has nothing to do with Sinn Fein, or the Northern Government, or any kind of politics. He has been to the World's Poultry Conference at The Hague, and he has made the acquaintance of a hen that wears earrings. Not all the cackle of the Conference (which must have been considerable, seeing that there was poultry from China, New Zealand, United States, Spain, Italy, Denmark and Ireland) struck this Ulsterman as did the feathered lady in the Spanish section that wore earrings. Now, a Spanish cock that wore a comb would not have been out of the way, but those earrings are really intriguing. What were they like? Did Madam go to a jeweller's and have her ears pierced? Are a hen's ears pierceable? If the Ulsterman had been a Southern or Western Irishman we should have known more about it. It is deeds, not words, in Ulster—even about hens' earrings.

The Lanchester "Forty"

ONE of the most conspicuous of the many outstanding features of the Lanchester "Forty" is its remarkable ability to "swallow distance." The flexibility of its 40 h.p. engine is a source of wonder. From 3 to 75 m.p.h. on top gear is, in the words of a delighted owner, "almost incomprehensible, and at 75 m.p.h. she is just as easy to drive and holds the road just as well as at 3 m.p.h." At the same time this ability for speed is not of the blatant open exhaust type, but rather of the unassuming, persistent kind that reflects the sound engineering design and construction which is the result of more than twenty-five years' experience.

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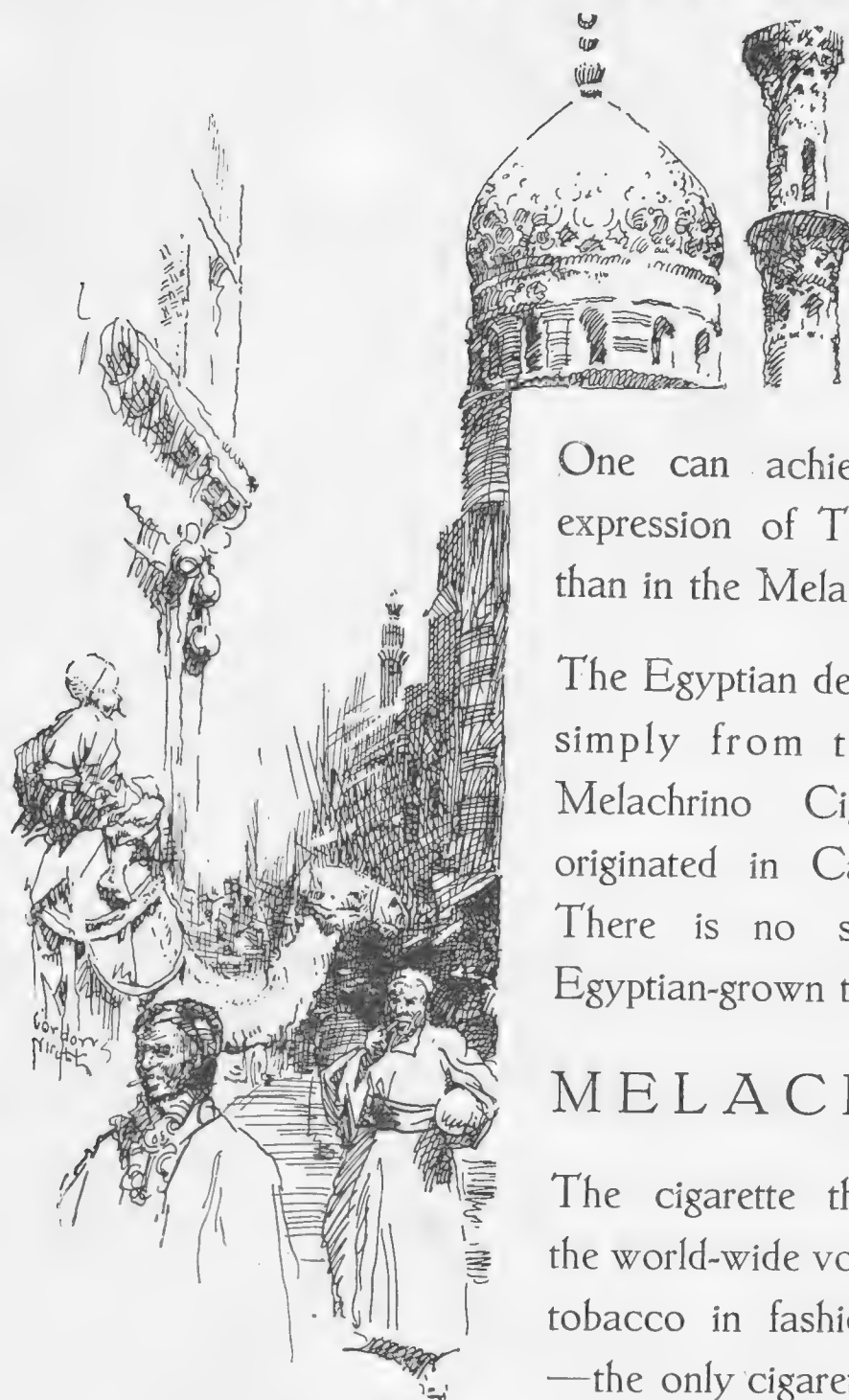
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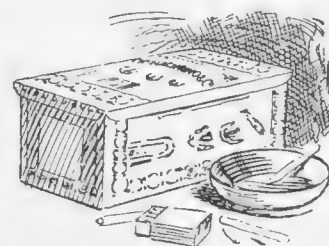
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The Egyptian designation arises simply from the fact that Melachrino Cigarettes were originated in Cairo in 1879. There is no such thing as Egyptian-grown tobacco.

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CITY NOTES.

MAMMON.

IT has not been a very exciting week on the Stock Exchange, and business can best be described as patchy. The Board of Trade returns for September are rather difficult to make head or tail of, but, when allowance is made for the different level of prices, they do give some encouragement to the belief that we have seen the worst of the slump. There is undoubtedly more confidence in the wholesale markets, and the general run of prices is above the lowest. The balance of trade against this country was some four millions less than in August, and it is to be hoped that the improvement in this direction will be continued.

The startling rise in sterling as quoted in dollars was one of the features of last week, and is not easy to explain. The most probable reason seems to be that the demand for dollars for financing the autumn crop shipments to Europe has turned out to be much smaller than was expected, and speculators have been cutting their losses. We doubt whether the rise can be held. Possibly the Queensland Loan in New York has had something to do with it, but it is unlikely that any transfers on this account would have been made so persistently and with so little regard to cost. We hope, by the way, that the Premier, Mr. Theodore, does not flatter himself that he has taught the London Market a lesson by floating his loan in New York; the general feeling is that New York is welcome to it, and seems to have squeezed him nicely.

It seems pretty clear that increased credits to foreign buyers will prove an important point in the Government's scheme to relieve unemployment. Reduced costs are, in our opinion, infinitely more important, and without a movement in this direction increased credits can do little. Europe owes us a tidy little sum already, and any scheme will have to be very carefully framed if the national interests are not to be sacrificed. It would be far better to concentrate on cheaper production for the markets where the exchange does not hamper us.

We need hardly reiterate our opinion on the Bank Rate!

RUSSO-ASIATIC CONSOLIDATED.

When the Russian trade agreement was signed with Mr. Krassin, we expressed the gravest doubts as to the value of any signature made on behalf of the Soviet Government, and nothing has since transpired to make us revise our views.

Mr. Urquhart, Chairman of the Russo-Asiatic Company, has for many months been trying to come to some agreement with the Russian

Government with regard to the Company's huge mining properties in Siberia, and he has even been to Russia to try and fix it up.

It is now announced that he has reluctantly come to the conclusion that there is nothing to be done while the Soviet are in their present frame of mind. It is disappointing, but not surprising, and it is a state of affairs which obviously cannot continue indefinitely. It will, however, probably be some considerable time before any change develops sufficiently to make it worth while reopening negotiations.

OUR STROLLER IN THROGMORTON STREET.

He tapped an impatient heel against the steps leading into the Issue Department of the Bank of England, and glanced for the twentieth time at the clock.

"If he says twelve-twenty, why doesn't he come at twenty past twelve?" he soliloquised wrathfully. "It's half-past, and—"

He turned into the Old Lady's garden, and glared at the ridiculous gilded boy who looks so hopelessly out-of-place in that old-world haunt. The image destroyed the peacefulness that laid a tender grace upon the garden in bygone years, and Our Stroller strode out again.

"What, at last?" was his pleasant greeting to the broker standing in the courtyard.

"Yes, two minutes before time," replied the broker, nodding at the clock. "You said twelve-twenty at first, you know, and then altered it to twelve-forty."

"I altered it? Oh, lor', so I did. Well, I'm glad you're not late for once. Lead on, Macduff."

The broker looked at him curiously, and took him into the War Stock office. Rummaged around half-a-dozen books and, finding the right volume, invited him to sign his name therein. After that, he had to sign what the broker called the stock-receipt.

"That's the lot," said the broker cheerfully, having witnessed his client's signature in the Bank book. "Doesn't take long, does it? And yet there are thousands of people who seem to think it's some awful ordeal, and who ask for a Power of Attorney when they could quite easily attend and save a lot of work."

"Keeps people employed," argued Our Stroller. "You ought not to grumble about anything which helps employment in these hard times. It's better to give unnecessary work than demoralising doles."

"Both highly uneconomic," was the brisk answer. "But I'll let you have your own way as usual, as you were so good as not to keep me waiting for our appointment. Had lunch?"

(Continued overleaf.)

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"Breakfast Cup and Saucer, 5/3.

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Many other articles to correspond at proportionate prices.

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An effective Collar, in skunk opossum to fasten with cord and bobs

7 Gns

Pillow Muff to match 7 Gns

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WOOL GAUNTLETS
(L.G. 228), very soft. In white, brown, grey, or heather shades 4/3
WASHABLE SUEDE GLOVES (L.G. 227). Three button. French make. In white 7/11
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Of all High-Class Tobacconists and Stores.

Continued.]

"Thanks; I'll come with pleasure. When do I get the money for that stock?"

"Help! Lucky you reminded me," cried the broker, taking out an envelope. "There's your cheque. That saves me twopence in postage stamps. Don't lose it."

Our Stroller's biting retort got cut in half—and he himself nearly suffered the same fate—by the intervention of a taxi, whose driver swore roundly at country clowns walking about London unaccompanied by their nurses.

"Where shall we go? Lyons, A.B.C., Simpson's, Avenue——"

They fell down the steps into Porch's; interviewed Miss Winchester and George, with satisfactory results, and Our Stroller prepared to keep his ears on the alert.

A bank cashier was discussing golf with an insurance youngster who had decided opinions regarding the superiority of Rugger. A broker was exchanging opinions with another as to whether the Stock Exchange had ever been in so hard a case as the present, even on the outbreak of war. Lively arguments about apples proceeded from another table, and——

"As I was saying to my wife last evening," Our Stroller caught, "it's sinful to pay more than twenty guineas for an embroidered nightdress. Better by far put the money into the War Loan."

"What did she say to that?" laughed his companion.

"Why, that she wouldn't buy the War Loan, but would want the twenty guineas to cover more than a nightie. Brought out this week's *Sketch* and showed me an advertisement of——"

"All the same, the War Loan's the cheapest stock of its kind," commented his companion. "People are always asking what they should buy, but there's nothing to beat War Stock. Unless, of course, you don't require income: in that event, the War Savings Certificates are the best."

"What ought a man to do with his money?" asked Our Stroller.

"The poor man should never go outside perfectly safe stocks," dogmatised the broker. "When once he has accumulated a few thousand pounds, and made a modest income secure, then he can begin to think of taking risks. But not before."

"As a counsel of perfection, admirable. As a practical scheme, impossible."

"Why?"

"Because to carry it out you would have to fly in the face of human nature, which loves a gamble above everything else."

"You're sound enough in your theory, all the same," another man agreed. "It is what we should teach our children, but what none of us have the strength of mind to follow."

"Gilt-edged stocks are not immune from falling."

"That's a good word, immune. But the point is that if your income remains safe and constant, you can leave it to the future to see prices better."

"All very well," said Our Stroller with a sigh, "but I've just had to sell some War Loan to pay my taxes."

"And because heaps of other people are having to do the same thing, you get flatness in many of our markets."

"War Stock doesn't go down."

"No; because the price will be ex dividend in ten days' time, and the buying balances the sales. Besides, the public are cutting wholesale losses on other stuff that seems hopeless, and the money goes into War."

"What money there is left. A miserable fraction of the original amount in most cases. The losses on Oil shares during the last six months are enough to make angels weep."

"And the angels' brokers too. It's heartbreaking work trying to cheer up one's clients nowadays. Still, I tell them that it will come right again if we have patience to see it through."

"Patience doesn't pay dividends," Our Stroller pointed out.

"Oh, yes, it does," claimed the broker. "Patience pays dividend warrants drawn on the Bank of Faith. And there's no income-tax deducted, either."

"M——" said Our Stroller. "Well, I'd rather have a cheque on one of the Big Five, even if it means six shillings in the pound. All will be well if Patience makes her dividends cumulative, and doesn't propose some funding or reconstruction scheme that will ruin the lot of us!"

Friday, Oct. 14, 1921.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Only letters on financial subjects to be addressed to the City Editor, The Sketch Office, 15, Essex Street, Strand, W.C.2.

PLATTEN.—We strongly advise you to have nothing to do with any firm of "outside" brokers. Your bankers will do your Stock Exchange business for you, or any member of the Stock Exchange.

SPIKE.—We do not advise speculating in exchange.

INDIA.—The Port of Calcutta Seven Per Cent. Debentures are an excellent investment.



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In Bottles, 1/6 and 2/6

PALE COMPLEXIONS
may be greatly improved by just a touch of "LA-ROLA ROSE BLOOM," which gives a perfectly natural tint to the cheeks. No one can tell it is artificial. It gives THE BEAUTY SPOT! Boxes 1/-

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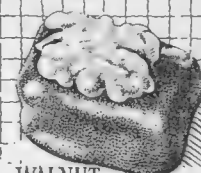
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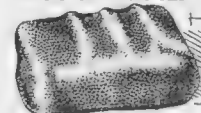
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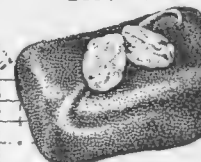
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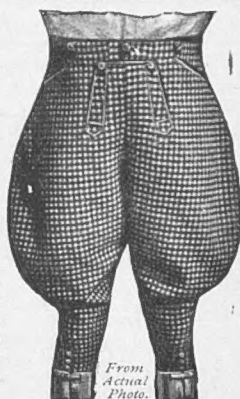
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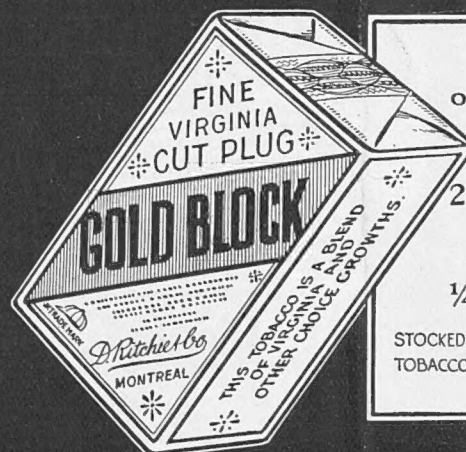
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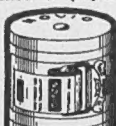
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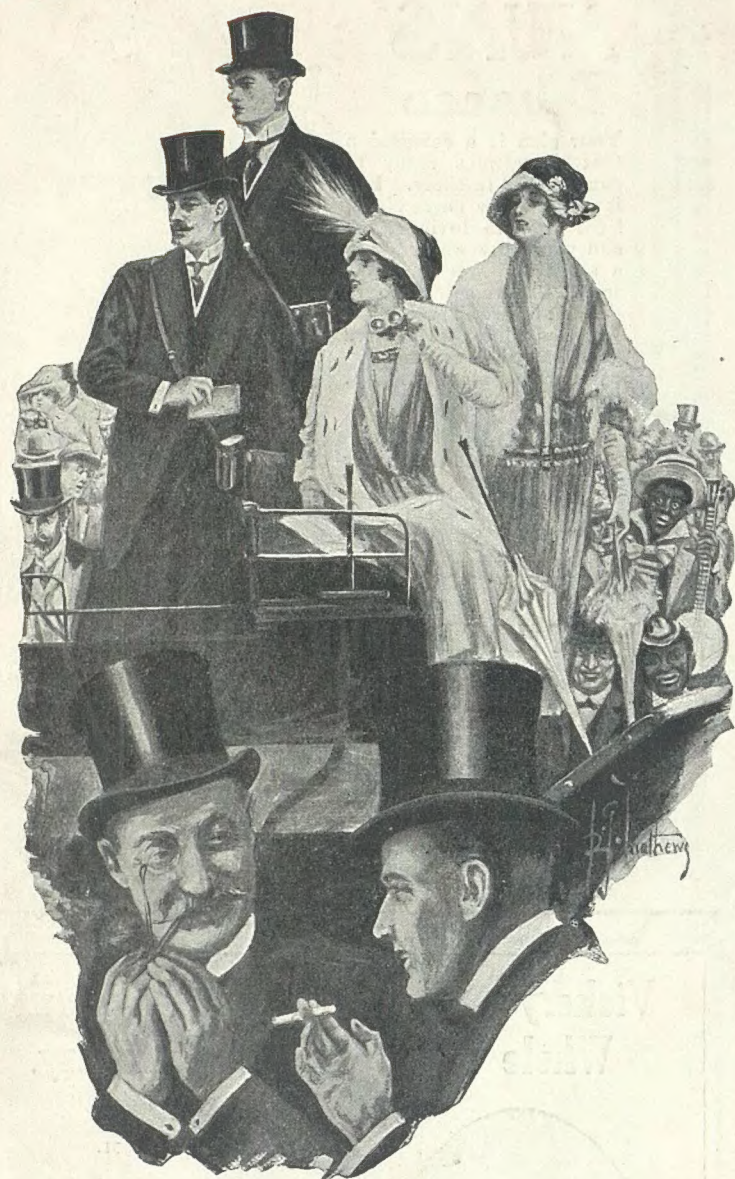


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